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STRIVE.

BY C. D. STUART.

Strive when thou strivest, as a man
Whose empire is the open world,
From whom the tyrant and his ban
Are like a rood to rein hurled.

Thy heritage what preacher boast
Have children of the kingly line,
From mild-land to the ocean coast
The sky, the air, the earth is thine.

And thine, too humble as thou art
With throne nor regal diadem,
Shalt hear and act the monarch's part,
And be a royal king with them.

Have ye not known as other men
And serves to do and hearts to feel,
And kingdoms in the poorest glen
That is not hemmed by shining steel.

Thy brother shall not bear thee down,
Although a king of Earth is he,
But cast aid stoney heats his crown
And turn with shame and sting to thee.

Not higher birth hath human ene,
Nor better walks the Earth abroad
Than thou, who peasant-born hath won
A free and fearless child of God.

THE GUN MAKER OF MOSCOW; OR, VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

The news went out that the Count Conrad Damonoff must die. A few days before the best surgeon in Moscow said he would recover—but now that same surgeon said he must fall. A strange change had come over him. It was not a fever, but rather a consuming of vitality. He was failing fast, and no art of medicine could revive him. Some thought he must be bleeding inwardly, but others knew better than this, because in that case there would be some outward symptom. The wound itself was healing, but the disease was not. The physician and the priest were now in daily, and the former almost in hourly, attendance. The surgeon was Kopani; and the priest was the hump-backed Savotano!

Thus lay the Count upon his bed, weak and faint, but at present almost free from pain, and an old woman was his only attendant, the priest having just left. It was just after noon. The dying man had just taken a powerful stimulating draught, though it was against the injunctions of the priest, as he said that by such means the invalid might die bereft of sense, and thus lose his hold upon salvation,—he had just taken this draught when there was a low rap upon the door. The woman arose to answer the summons. She conversed a few moments with the girl who had knocked, and when she returned to the bed she announced that Rarie Novel wished to enter.

"Let him come in," whispered the Count.

"Bel——"

"Never mind," he interrupted, as the woman commenced this to expostulate. "Let him come in. By heaven, if he is my enemy let me see him. It may serve to arouse me."

So the woman went to the door again, and soon afterwards Rarie Novel entered the apartment. He stepped lightly, noiselessly, to the bedside, but it was some moments ere he could distinguish objects by the subdued light of the place. By and by, however, he overcame the difficulty, and he started back in horror as he beheld the features of his adversary. How pale and sunken! How deathlike and ghastly! The Count noticed the movement, and he noticed the look.

"Conrad Damonoff," spoke the gun-maker, in a low, solemn tone, "a few days since I heard that you were recovering, and I thanked God. But to-day they told me you were dying, and I have come to ask that I may take your hand ere you pass away from earth. As God is my Maker and my Judge, I would rather lie down here and die for you than have you pass away with a curse of me upon your soul or on your lips. Forgive me for what I have done, and never again will I engage in such a wicked work. For my own life, it is my country's and my mother's, and I have no right to throw it away; and my antagonist's life is the sacred property of God's, which I have no right to touch but in self-defence. Forgive me."

Slowly and heavily moved the dying man over, and then he extended his thin and wasted hand.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE HUMP-BACKED PRIEST'S ATTEMPT TO POISON COUNT DAMONOFF.

"Rarie," he said—and his voice was stronger now, for the potion was working—"I am glad you have come—very glad; for I have wished above all else of earth, to see you. I could not send for you, for I knew not how you might come. I have been all wrong in the things that have passed betwixt thee and me. I was mad, and a fool. I blame you not; but rather do I thank you for your kindness through all the scene. Oh! I forgive you with all my heart; and now tell me that I am forgiven!"

"Forgiven!" repeated Rarie, with a trembling lip, still holding the Count's hand within both his own. "Oh! would to God I could call you back to life! Forgive? Oh! God, who reads all hearts, knows how humble, how sacred, is my forgiveness to you! Could I call you back—could I wipe out the past from my memory, I could die content."

"Enough," returned the Count, warmly. "This was my hollest wish, though pride has kept back its utterance. Oh! I feared you would ghost over my death—that you would be glad when I was gone!"

"No, no,—I should have been a monster then."

"There are many such. And yet I wronged you by the thought. But I could not help it."

A moment more passed in silence, and then the invalid resumed.—

"There is one reason why I should like to live: I should be prepared for a better life. Since death has come—since I have known that he stood waiting by my bed—I have wondered at the evil life I have led; and I have thought that if the dark King would let me remain here a few years more I could be a better man. But 'tis too late now. The die is cast. Yet I have some joy in this. You have shed a happy light upon my dying hour. God bless you."

Rarie's feelings were easily moved, and there was something in the deep solemnity of this oc casion that startled his heart to a tender mood; and the last words of the dying man flowed the cup. He bowed his head, and covering his eyes with one hand, while he held in the other the hand of Conrad, he wept freely and silently.

At this moment the woman arose and left the room.

"She's gone," said the Count, after he had recovered somewhat from the deep emotions which had been stirred within his own soul. "I felt down here beside me."

Rarie obeyed the request, and after he had seated himself he gazed subtly into the sick man's face.

"Say, Rarie," the Count asked, while an eagor look overspread his face, "won't true what Kopani told me: that you overcame Demetrius the Greek with the sword?"

"I did," the youth replied, in a whisper.

"But you did not disarm him?—you did not subtly take his sword from him?"

"I did, Conrad."

"My soul, is it possible? And where have you been all your life?"

"In Moscow, and in Spain."

"And yet observe."

"Never mind that now," interposed Rarie. "I have something of more interest. Do you——"

But you will pardon me for what I may say, for I assure you I mean it all for your good."

"Speak on," said Conrad, at the same time running his eyes almost curiously over the gunmaker's nobly-developed breast and shoulders.

"Then, first—I have just come from the holy Rosalind.—Ah—I mean not—"

"Go on. I may have felt a pang at the mention of that name, but I know she loves you, and were I strong at this moment as ever I'd relinquish all claims of her to you. So fear not."

"Thank you, Sir Count, for this. —— But I was remarking: I am not long from her presence, and between us both we have unspoiled some dark things. Do you think the Duke was really your friend?"

The Count started, and a strange gleam shot from his eyes.

"Go on," he uttered.

"Then listen: Before you ever came to my shop the Duke had most solemnly promised Rosalind she should receive no more trouble from you—that you would claim her hand no more."

"Do you know this?"

"I do."

"But it cannot be. Why should he have sent me on that mission to you?"

"I had taught one of his officers the sword exercise, and he knew I was your superior in strength, and use of the weapon."

"Well—go on!" whispered the Count, nervously and anxiously.

"Why, he thought very likely that we should not meet on such a question without a quarrel. He knew your natural impetuosity, and my strength of arm, and he hoped you——would fall."

"But——Go on!"

"His estate is running out, and he wants the whole of Dreteen!"

"Ah! I see it now!"

"The Duke has proposed himself for Rosalind's hand," resumed Rarie. "He says he has loved her long—and he will force her to wed him if he can, though it breaks her heart!"

"My God!" gasped the Count, fairly starting up to a sitting posture, "how blind I have been! By my soul, he never was cordial—never kind."

Rarie gently laid the sick man back, and then he said,—

"Even all I can see and understand, the proud Duke meant to get all your wealth and all of Rosalind's."

The Count spoke not yet. He lay with his eyes closed, and groaned in the agony of the strange revelations that were breaking in upon him.

But see! Why starts Rarie so suddenly?—and why does he turn so pale? Why do his hands tremble?—and why is his brow bent so eagerly?

"What is it?" asked the Count, startled by the strange event.

"Hold!" whispered Rarie, in a frantic tone. "You were recovering once?"

"From this wound?"

"Yes."

"Yes. I was getting well fast, and the doctors said I should be stout and well in a month. But suddenly this change came on. Let's see —On Friday morning I felt the first relapse."

"The very time?" gasped Rarie to himself.

The Count moved his head forward, and would have caught his companion by the hand if he could. "For God's sake, Rarie, what is it?"

"As I came this way I saw a hump-backed priest pass out from this house!" said the gunmaker, interrogatively.

"Yes—yes," returned the Count, speaking shortly and quickly. "It was Savotano. He has attended me. The Duke recommended him."

"And was he here Thursday night?"

"Thursday?—Ah—yes—he watched with me that night."

"And has he been in attendance since?"

"Yes—every day. But why do you ask? Say—what is that meaning upon your face? What is it?"

"At this moment the door of the apartment was quietly, noiselessly opened, and Kopani, the surgeon, entered the place.

"Ha!" cried Rarie, starting towards him, and grasping him by the arm, "your patient is poisoned! A deadly poison has been given him, and it is even now eating his life away!"

"Impossible!" gasped the surgeon, straining his eyes to see plainly who it was that spoke to him. "Ah," he uttered, as he became somewhat used to the gloom of the apartment, "it is you, sir?"

"Aye—but mind not that now. Cannot you do something for the Count?" He has been poisoned!"

"It cannot be!"

"By the hopes of my salvation!" cried Conrad Damonoff, starting up to a sitting posture, "he speaks the truth! That accursed priest!—Oh! Olga! Olga! I never dreamed that then must miss mercy!"

"But what is it all?" the surgeon asked, gazing first upon Rarie, and then upon the Count.

"Speak, some one."

"Tell him," groaned Conrad.

"Listen!" said the gun-maker. "I have my suspicions, but mind you, they are founded on facts, and the facts are these: The Duke of Tula is well nigh free from the possession of property. His half of Dreteen is all mortgaged, and he wants the other half. That other half he cannot have while Damonoff lives. The Duke, too, has sworn that Rosalind Valdai shall be his wife—so he would have her property, also. This hump-backed priest is Olga's special tool. It was Olga got him into the church, and it was Olga who freed him more than once from deserved punishment. Last Thursday evening he was with the Duke in private council, and he came from thence directly to this place. Now you can judge for yourself."

The surgeon started slightly, and then he bowed his head. A few moments he remained thus, and then he leaped up and clasped his hands.

"By the Living God of all things," he cried, "it is! it is! There is no burning up, as I thought, of icy, wintry fire; but the hellish work is from a human hand! Hold!—I know the symptoms. I know them now. Be quiet, Conrad. It may not yet be too late."

As the surgeon spoke he hastily opened a small leathern case he carried with him, and from thence he took a powerful emetic. The woman was sent for, and when she came she obtained warm water. The potion was given—a small quantity at a time—at intervals of about five minutes, until the desired effect was produced. A strange mass of stuff was thrown up, and Kopani took it to the light and examined it. Most of it was of dark, brownish color, but with streaks of yellow, and coarse blotches of red and green. The yellow substance was of a mucous formation, while the red and green seemed to be more liquid.

"Tis poison!" the surgeon said; "and it has been administered in small quantities."

"And cannot something be done!" asked Rarie, eagerly. "Oh! save him if you can! Save him, and I'll bless you ever. You can—oh! say you can!"

The surgeon caught the youth by the hand. There was something in this noble spirit that moved him—and he knew now that all must have been forgiven between the two men.

"I'll try," he said, "I have antidotes with me. By heaven, all is not lost yet."

"Then hasten," urged Rarie, half crazed beneath the might of the strange discovery, which he had thus helped to make.

"Be not uneasy. I will see that he suffers not for want of human skill." And as the surgeon then spoke he moved to the sideboard and fixed on an antidote; but he did not give it until the invalid had vomited all he could.

"Hold!" cried Rarie, as the surgeon took up the wine-bottle to mix the antidote with. "Touch not a thing here. Perhaps the villain has poisoned them all!"

"So it may be," Kopani said, setting down the bottle. He then turned to the woman, who had remained standing by the fire like one in a trance, and asked her to bring a fresh bottle of wine. She quickly obeyed, and when she was gone Kopani took all the articles from the table and set them on one side. He would not throw them away, for he meant to analyze them.

When the woman returned Kopani mixed the new potion, and administered it, and ere long afterwards the Count fell asleep.

"Rarie Novel," said the surgeon, as soon as he was sure the invalid would sleep, "will you remain here awhile. I wish to go and analyze some of these things. I have only to go to the Academy. I will be back in an hour at the furthest."

The gun-maker gladly consented to this; and having gathered up the phials and the wine bottle, and concealed them beneath his pelisse, the surgeon left.

Rarie Novel was hopeful now, for hope was with him while he prayed that God might spare the unfortunate Count.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ARGUMENT AGAINST.

Half an hour had the gun-maker sat by the side of the sick man's bed, when he was aroused from his reverie into which he had fallen by the gentle opening of the door. He turned and beheld a human form emerging from the narrow, dark entry way. And when into the room the watcher started, for he beheld the hump-backed priest, Savotano.

"Who is here?" the arch fiend whispered, shading his eyes, and trying to peer into the gloom.

"——sh!" uttered Rarie. "The Count is asleep."

By this time our hero had so far overcome the first emotion caused by the villain's entrance that he could be calm.

"And who is this?" the priest whispered, moving nearer to the bed. "Ha! The gun-maker!"

"Yes," replied the youth, watching every look and movement of the fellow most closely.

"You are in a strange place, I should say," Savotano answered, not taking the young man directly in the face, but casting upon him a sidelong glance, as though he dared not look direct.

"Speak not too loud, sir priest," said our hero, determined to enter into no conversation with the man if he could avoid it. "Do not awaken the Count, for he is very faint and sleepy."

And then Rarie had another reason. He feared, if Damonoff should awake, that the strange discovery they had made might be revealed; and of course he wished not that the villain should yet know how well he was understood.

"But why are you here?" pursued Savotano, who seemed determined to know. "I am this poor man's spiritual comforter, and I surely

have a right to know wherefore is the presence of one bearing the peculiar relations towards him which are sustained by you."

Rurie's first impulse was one of disgust and wrath, but he managed to keep it to himself.

"Sir priest," he returned, moving his chair noiselessly nearer to the visitor, so that his whisper might not disturb the sleeper, "I heard that the Count was dying, and I would not have his die without first forgiving me for all that I had done."

"And has he done it?"

"He has."

"And why do you remain here? Where is his attendant?"

"She is out somewhere. The Count has had a strange fit—a startling spasm—and I feared if he had another the woman could not manage him alone."

"Ah," uttered Sarzotus. "A spasm?"

"Yes—a most strange one—as though something were at his heart—as though his brain were on fire, and his whole system shaking."

The priest turned his head away, but Rurie saw plainly the excitant look which rested there. There was no shocking may move. That one look—for Rurie saw it—was proof enough.

"Well, well," the misshapen villain said, "I will call again when he is awake. I would not have him die, and I not by him."

Then speaking therefore more and moved towards the door. His step was eager, and his every look betrayed some anxious purpose. He stepped as he reached the door and looked back, but he did not speak. Rurie was afraid he might go to the side-board to look at the medicine, but he did not. He simply cast one more glance at the waiter, and then left the room.

In half an hour more the woman returned. Her face were a clear, emphatic expression, and his movements were all quick and prompt, as though each one was for the purpose of announcing some self-evident decision.

"Well," he uttered, with a quickly drawn breath, "we have put the medicine to a test."

And then he leaned back and looked into Rurie's face.

"And what did you find?" the young man asked.

"Just what we had expected. We have detected arsenic in three of the medicines which the Count had to take; but this poison is not alone. There is much opium in the wine, even so that we could smell it when our suspicions guided us. The poison has been most adroitly fixed. The priest must have one of those recipes which have been used by scientific poisoners, for no physician in Moscow could have concocted the deadly draught."

"But wherein was it so wondrously peculiar?" asked Rurie, with interest.

"Why—in this: Arsenic was the principal poisoning agent, but that alone would produce symptoms which any physician would know at once. In this case there was something present which overcame all the outward signs of the poison, and only let it out upon the whole. I know not the secret, though I know there is such an one. Had it not been for your fortunate suspicions the Count would have died, and we should have supposed he only died from the effects of the wound. The poison was working silently, and surely—slowly and surely—without outward sign different from the usual sinking of the worn and fainting body. But I have hope now. The villain must—he must that we have discovered him. We will let the thing run for the present."

Rurie was not a little surprised when he found that the priest had been there during his absence, but before he could make any further remark the Count awoke. He fell very light, but that strange sickness of the stomach was lessened. The surgeon prepared some suitable effects, and having called in the woman he gave directions that they should be given in large quantities; and also directed her to prepare some strong barley water for the patient to be drank in strong beverage.

All the pilots were replaced upon the sideboard, and then refilled with liquids somewhat like those they had before contained; but the nurse was directed not to use them. Everything that he patient was to take she was to keep under her own charge in the kitchen; and she was also most particularly cautioned against allowing the priest to gain anything to the Count. But Kopasi meant to be sure on that score. He had a little business to transact, and then he was coming back to spend the night himself by the Count's side. He meant, at all events, that the poisoner should have no more opportunity to exercise his diabolical science upon the sick nobleman. He promised the Count that he should have safe and competent watchers thereafter.

It was fairly dark now, as Rurie could see by raising the curtain and looking out. He had no idea it was so late. Time had passed without his notice. He moved to the side of the bed and took the invalid's hand.

"I must go now," he said, "but if you are willing, I will come again——"

"Yes will come," uttered Conrad, in reply, returning the grasp of the hand with all his feeble power. "Oh! you must come often now. I hope I shall live. Perhaps I shall. If I do, I shall owe that life to you. And God knows—for the feeling is even now firm in my soul—that I will always remember how you saved me,—and I will never think, never, of the sad blow you struck me.—Come—come to me when you can, for now—now—as God lives I speak the truth—now I love you!"

"God bless and keep you," murmured Rurie, in a husky, trembulous voice; and with those words, coming from the very depths of his soul, he turned away and left the room. He heard the voice of the Count as he moved the door open, and thanked God that 'twas a blessing which fell upon his ears.

Ah, those who know not what true forgiveness is, know not the holiest emotion of earth!

Rurie had left his sledge at a neighboring inn, and as soon as he gained the street he took his steps that way. He had gone half the distance from the residence of the Count to the inn, and was just upon the point of crossing the street, when he heard his name pronounced by some one behind him. He stopped and looked around, and saw a man approaching him.

It was too dark to distinguish faces plainly, even at a usual conversational distance; yet Rurie was not long in concluding that the man who had thus hailed him was a stranger. He was a medium sized man, and so closely enveloped in his heated and furlane that his form and features would have been hidden even had it been lighter than it was.

"Did you speak to me?" asked the youth, as the man came up.

"Yes, sir. Is your name Rurie Nevel?"

"It is."

"Then you are wanted a few moments at the residence of a lieutenant, named Ossa."

"Ah—Ossa!" uttered Rurie.

"The same."

"But he does not live here in the Kremlin."

He is here now, at any rate, and would see you."

"But you said he was at his residence," suggested our hero, who was fearful that some evil might be meant for him.

"I know nothing to the contrary, sir," the stranger returned, promptly. "All I can say is,—Alaric Ossa has fallen upon the ice, and hurt himself severely, and upon being informed that you were near by with a sledge, he asked that you might be sent for."

"Hurt him, has he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Badly?"

"I believe no bones are broken, but he is so badly sprained that he cannot walk."

"Ah—then perhaps he wants me to carry him home?"

"I can't say as to that, sir. They only sent me to find you. I don't know the man myself."

There was something so frank in the statement thus made that Rurie believed it all honest, and he stood ready to move on.

"I will go," he said; "but lead the way quickly, for I have no time to waste."

"I will lead as fast as you will want to follow," answered the man.

And thus speaking he turned back, and hastened some dozen rods by the way they had both come, he turned down a narrow street which led towards the river. Half way down this he went, and then he turned again—this time to the left—and thus Rurie found himself in a narrow alley, at the end of which the moon was deep and almost untrodden.

"Look ye," cried the youth, stopping as he found himself over knees in snow, "I think we have gone about far enough in this direction."

"This is the shortest way," said the stranger guide, apologetically. "I did not think the snow was so deep here. But it's only in the next street."

"Then on you go."

And the stranger started, and Rurie followed on. The lane was a crooked one, and more than once the youth had had another inclination to stop—He had no direct fear, but the Shade of reason just grounds for doubt. Had he not seen what had been attempted against the Count, he might have had no such doubts now; but as it was, he thought that if one attempt had been made to ruin him through the Emperor's displeasure by the man who was now trying to murder the Count, it would not be at all improbable that some more effective plan should be adopted towards him. He was pondering this when they came to a cross lane, full as narrow as this, into which the guide turned.

"Look ye once more, sirrah," cried the youth, now stopping short. "Do you call this a street?"

"Yes, sir; and on this street we shall find the man we seek. It is only a short cut from where he is to the inn where your horse is; so you won't have to leave those lineliges are you that ye thus waylay and seize upon an honest man who has done no harm to any of you?"

Herre startled at the voice. He rather coolly answered, "suffice it for you to know that you are safe for the present."

"But will you tell me what this is for? There is some intent."

"You—and come with me and you shall see. Come!"

Thus speaking the man turned once more, and having picked up his lantern he moved on, while the youth, taking Rurie by the arm, followed after. The prisoner made no resistance now, for he knew that it would be useless. At a short distance another flight of stairs was reached.

"Down here!" uttered Rurie, with a shudder.

"Of course. You'd freeze up here."

These words struck harshly upon the youth's ear, for they meant that it was to be detained in this lonesome place.

At the bottom of these stairs they came to a vaulted passage, at the end of which was a door. This was opened, and Rurie was led through into the place beyond. He cast his eyes quickly about, and he found himself in a narrow apartment, the walls and floor of which were of stone, and the roof of brick, the latter being arched. In one corner was a couch, and upon it was some old skins.

And here the youth was to be left. His guide simply pointed to the low couch, and then turned away. Rurie asked a question, but it was not answered. In a few moments more the heavy door was closed upon him, and he was in total darkness. He sought the couch, and with a deep groan he sank down!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ABOUT TRUE GREATNESS.

MR. LEMAITRE—I was much amused not long since in listening to a steamboat conversation about Daniel Webster, and greatness generally. A lady from the interior of Illinois, who believed her hero unequal to anything stronger than sweetened water, declared roundly, that no matter was the greatest man she had ever had professed. Whereupon, a severe looking old man, with a cadet jacket and thin, like the sheet of a patent self-sharpening plow, said with a grim smile, "I don't think he's quite a lady, but I must say that a lowly great man never gets drunk." This waked up a white-necktied clergyman who, with much warmth, remarked that it was an ill office to slander the dead, and that he (as part he considered "Daniel Webster's intellect the greatest emanation of the Divine Mind ever embodied on earth."

"Can a man be truly great without being good—moral—heart?" sneered Flowbare.

The clergyman was rather staggered by this home-thrust, but he recovered by asking his interrogator, "What is true greatness?"

"True greatness?" echoed Flowbare—"true greatness? why, true greatness is—is the real thing—the——"

At this interesting juncture the bell rang for supper, and the debate was cut short, much to my regret. I had hoped to learn what "true greatness" is, and to have had Daniel Webster's claims to the title of a "great man" definitely settled; but as that opportunity was missed, I must again call upon you for help, and will therefore formally ask, Can a man be truly great without being what is called a good moral man? What is true greatness? Was Daniel Webster a great man? Yours truly, CYRIL HALL.

We are afraid our correspondent asks too much. It is a difficult thing to "settle definitely" what true greatness is. By greatness is generally meant eminent superiority in some one respect, or more; and he who by his own exertions has acquired eminent superiority, whether in an honorable profession, may properly be called great. The primary sense of greatness is in extent, as an ocean or a mountain; next, *force or power in action*, as an earthquake or a tempest; next, *endurance or power to repose*, as a mountain of granite—" firm as the everlasting hills." When the term greatness is applied to a man, it is almost always with reference to their intellectual power and executive ability. Custom has sanctioned and settled this use of the term. Consequently, a man will be a mind of vast comprehension, of towering grandeur, of gigantic executive capacity, of grand and overwhelming power in action, and yet not be a great man.

He who creates a private and idiosyncratic standard of greatness, should keep it private, and not bring it into public conversation and discussion. He might take it into his head that what we call wood should have been called iron, and what we now call iron should have been called wood: very well—let him think so; but if he declares in public that horsebeans are made of wood, and four-hundred tons, he is justly chargeable with folly or impertinence. And it is equally foolish and impertinent to say that Napoleon, Cæsar, Napoleon, Washington, or Webster, was not a great man. A person may with propriety say, "I grant you, that, according to the general acceptation of the term, Napoleon, Webster, and the rest, were great men, but according to my idea of true greatness, I cannot allow such a title;" but he has no right to say that those whom the world and time have stamped as great, were not great. Much confusion and some debate would be avoided if people would be more precise in their comprehension—if, instead of saying Washington was a great man, they would say he was a great soldier; that Webster was pre-eminent as a lawyer; that Washington was pre-eminent for judgment, fortitude and integrity; and in a similar manner always indicate what quality on occasion them to acknowledge a man's greatness.

Greatness relates to strength, power, achievement; Goodness relates to agreeableness and beauty. Which is the more important of these two qualities, and the more worthy of applause, admiration and altogether a distinct subject. Taking eternity into the question, it is probably the latter. Genuine goodness—kindness, charity, and whatever else is good—is the only thing that will prove advantageous in the long run. And it is therefore the most important of all human attributes.

SLEEP.

Sleep is a state of the body and mind which every one knows something of from experience, but which very few can define correctly. The word sleep cannot be explained by any simpler word in the English language. Hence in order to give the idea of its nature, we are compelled to describe it at length, and to distinguish it from similar states of the mental and corporeal powers. In complete sleep, that is sleep without dreams, we are not conscious; we do not hear any sound; any of our senses are inactive we know nothing of their operations.—

We do not think, and consequently we do not reason and do not act voluntarily. Unlike those states of insensibility or stupor produced by extensive cold, by loss of blood, or by any injury to the brain, sensible fainting it is natural to all animals, necessary to life, returns regularly and has an invigorating, healthful influence on the whole system. Unlike death, it is only a temporary suspension of the exercise of some of our mental and physical powers; a short resume to a portion of the wonderful machinery of life, not a complete and final cessation of its movements. In sleep the soul exposes from labor, at death it departs from the body.

A CELEBRATED WIT was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know no reason," replied he, "except the great regard we have for each other."

RESPONSIBILITY OF AUTHORS.

In one of his admirable "Spectators," Addison, in remarking upon the everlasting nature of works of genius, says: If writings are thus durable, and may pass from age to age through the whole course of time, how careful should an author be of committing anything to print that may corrupt posterity, and poison the minds of men with vice and error! Writers of great talent, who employ their parts in propagating immorality, and smoothing vicious sentiments with wit and humour, are to be looked upon as the pests of society, and the enemies of mankind. They leave books behind them (as it is said of those who die in distempers which breed an ill-will toward their own species) to scatter infection and destroy their posterity. They act the counterparts of a Confucius or a Socrates; and seem to have been sent into the world to disperse human nature, and sink it into the condition of brutality.

The following anecdote with which Addison concludes his page, is one of the finest pieces of satire in the English language: To take off from the severity of this speculation, I shall conclude with the story of a profligate author, who at a time when he lay dangerously sick, and had desired the assistance of a neighboring clergyman, composed his will, after contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his heart than the sense of his having scattered the age by his writings, and that there was still another sad thing to continue even after his death. The curate upon further examination, finding the penitent in the utmost agonies of despair, and being himself a man of learning, told him, that he hoped his case was not so desperate as he apprehended; that he did not think he was so very sensible of his fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The penitent still urged the evil tendency of his book to subvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whose writings would continue to do mischief when his body was laid in ashes. The curate, finding no other way of comforting him, told him he did well to bring affixed to the evil design with which he published his book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any hurt; that his cause was so very bad, and his arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill effects of it; in short, that he might rest satisfied his book could do no more mischief after his death, than it had done while he was living. To which he added, for his further satisfaction, that he did not believe any books his particular character and circumstances were known to, at the pains of reading it, or that anybody after his death would ever inquire after it. The dying man said still so much of the danger of the example he had set, as to be the heart with those consolations; and without answering the good man, asked his friends whether they had a gentleman that was a sick person) where they had picked up such a blockhead? and whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition? The curate, finding that the author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere penitent, but as a penitent of importance, after a short admonition withdrew; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the distemper grew desperate. The author however recovered, and has written two or three other books with the same spirit, and very luckily for his poor soul, with the same success.

THE BLACK SEA.

If the reports which have reached this country of the results of the Peace Conference at Paris are correct, the Black Sea has ceased to be a closed sea, and is hereafter open to be traversed hereafter, only by merchant vessels. The most important question, then, at the present time regarding it, is; what facilities does it furnish to commerce?

Its length is 760 miles; its width varies from 420 to 180 miles; its area (not including the Sea of Azoff) about 170,000 square miles. It is nearly five and a half times larger than Lake Superior, and only a little larger in area than the Baltic.

Its navigation is neither difficult nor dangerous; it is almost entirely free from islands and rocks. There is no sensible tide in it. Storms are not uncommon, but they are never of long duration. The sea is, however, short and treacherous, more especially about the entrance of the Straits of Constantinople. At times the prevailing winds blow from north-east and north; in autumn, winter and spring they are sometimes violently and furiously so; gales are numerous. Some of the northern ones are frozen up during January and February. The harbor of Odessa is generally frozen for about five whole winter. Sevastopol and the other ports of the Crimea are never frozen. Before the war there was constantly from 600 to 1000 vessels of from 100 to 300 tons and upward annually employed in the trade of the Black Sea and the other Russian ports: and a nearly equal number is engaged in the trade of the great corn countries along the Lower Danube. Large quantities are regularly between Constantinople, Vienna, the Russian ports, Trebizond, Batum, and other places. The commercial intercourse between the northern and southern shores is not great; the produce of the Azotsian shores, which consists of corn, timber, and hides, finds a ready demand in Russia, which exports the same commodities. Trading vessels export the corn, timber, hides, wool, iron, salt, fish of Russia, and import wine, fruits, and the manufactures of England and France.

As the late war has for a long time fixed the attention of the world upon this sea, and been the means of spreading among merchants a knowledge of the resources and wants of the countries which surround it, we expect the returns of peace will be followed by a large and rapid increase in the number of merchant vessels traversing its waters.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DELIGHTS OF SPRING.

BY MELLIE D. C.

The balmy air of cheery spring
Breathes o'er us in sweet sighs,
Inspiring life in every thing,
And joy and beauty flies.

We hail the advent with delight,
With gladsome heart and tongue,
For it chases the dogs of wintry night,
Which darkness o'er us hung.

We love to see in early spring
The calm blue sky above,
Which seems to bend, like angel wing,
O'er earth in kindly love.

We love to see the landscape drear
Assume a brighter phase,
When opening buds and flowers appear
To greet the sunny days.

We love to hear the merry notes
Of Nature's lovely choir,
As o'er the breeze their music floats
Like strains of sweet-toned lyre.

We love to hear the brooklets clear,
With rippling murmurs flow,
When streams unlock their frozen bier,
Of chilling ice and snow.

We love to know a Father's hand
Spreads all these beauties round,
That 'neath the sun of every land,
His blessings rich are found.

We love to feel, 'tis sweet to bless
A Father's tender care,
Who decks the fields in living dress,
And sends the summer air.

NEW HAVEN, April, 1855.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

May Hunter sat in a plainly furnished parlor, alone. She was not beautiful—her brow was too high and her features too irregular for mere loveliness—but she looked good and noble and true, and the glances of her deep dark eye had a peculiar fascination. She was dressed very simply but with an evident eye to effect—and it needed no eagle or lynx to tell that the few simple ornaments—the careful arrangement of her glossy hair, and the pretty blue ribbon that fastened her collar, were all to please the fastidious gaze of a lover.

A lagrued lover! For he should have been with her when the clock struck seven, and now it was nearly nine. A flash of mingled expectation and anxiety was on her cheek, as she counted the moments as they dragged along. In after years she learned a lesson—and never wearied for the presence of an absentee. But now she was neither self-confident nor philosophic, but simply a loving and affectionate girl—and rising from her seat she walked the floor in agony.

"Why don't he come?" fell from her lips, and as she spoke the words, the door opened and he stood beside her.

She sprang towards him, threw her arms round his neck and buried her face in his bosom. Frank Hunter, her cousin, was a splendid specimen of manhood. Hardly twenty-two years of age, he was stately and beautiful as a young Antinous. His eye, of a deep sunny blue, were full of light and laughter—his low-arched forehead was smooth and white as alabaster—crimson lips and beautifully white teeth were well displayed by a careless, happy smile, and his curling auburn hair shaded his cheeks and throat with graceful rings.

His looked up in his gay handsome face with admiration. He smiled kindly, and then growing serious led her to a sofa and sat down beside her. She felt instinctively that something cruel was to be said, and pressed her lips firmly together, determined to bear it calmly.

"I have seen my father, May," said Frank, avoiding her steady glance and looking guilty and embarrassed.

She bowed her head. He gathered courage from her silence and went on.

"He says it can never be. You know he has some old-fashioned notions about the marriage of cousins."

"Frank, that is not all!" she said, laying her hand on his arm, and looking earnestly into his face. He colored deeply.

"No, May. He wishes me to marry the daughter of his partner—Julia Steele."

"She is very beautiful I hear," said May, sagely.

"Very," said the young man, with sudden warmth. It was a lucky word for him. His cousin saw his heart at once—saw all the unreasons and duplicity there, and from that hour his release was certain. She took a diamond ring from her finger—drew a small locket, set with pearls, from the chain of her watch, and without one look at the fair, false face within, hid them upon the table before him.

"Frank," she said, with a mournful dignity that became her well, "I can keep these gifts no longer. I see you love the heiress better than the poor cousin. Take back the ring and pictures, Frank—I never want to see them again."

"You are mistaken, May," said the young man, hurriedly; but she smiled scornfully, and he could not go on.

"Don't deny it, Frank. It is plain enough. I wonder how I have been such a fool! I ought to have known no Hunter could ever care for a poor and humble woman when a rich and beautiful one might be had for the asking. For I have not even beauty to keep you true to me, Frank."

She sighed, and looked thoughtfully up in the handsome face, whose charm for her had never been stronger than in this moment of discovered treachery and certain separation. He took her hand and said, carnestly:

"May, you are good enough and beautiful enough for any man. It is I who have been the fool! Forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive, Frank," she said, in her usual tone. "But when are you to marry her?"

He looked at her and tried to evade the question.

"Have you a tongue?" she said, sharply, losing her assumed patience for a moment. "If so, speak out and tell the truth, like a man! I may as well hear it from you as from any other."

"Since you will have it," he said impatiently, "next month. I would not have told you, but you would make me!"

"How kind!" she said, with a sarcastic smile. "Perhaps my good uncle means to favor me. Are you sure, Frank, he didn't send you to ask me to be one of the bridesmaids?"

"May—don't talk so, for heaven's sake," said her cousin, rising from his seat. "It is very evident, that as my father said—"

He stopped short and bit his lip.

"Pray go on," said May, benevolently. "I know how well my uncle likes me—and upon my word I begin to return his love. What did he say, Frank?"

"That you cared more for your pen than you ever did for me," said the exasperated young man, "and that if I would marry an authoress, I might expect to see no more of my wife at home than the public chose to let me."

She turned pale, but answered with a short, hard laugh.

"Ah!—your father said that, did he? Give him my compliments and tell him May Hunter says the day may come when he will be glad to claim kindred with the—authoress. As for you, Frank, may you be happy. Go now."

"But you, May?"

"Oh, don't fear for me. I am perfectly cured of my love for you."

"Are we going to part in this way, May?" He looked at him a moment in surprise at her tone, then flung herself upon his breast, and kissed his eyes, lips, forehead and hair a thousand times—and then left him.

Four weeks later she sat in her city home and read the marriage of her cousin Frank. She did not faint or weep, for her bitter lesson had made her hard and cold and stern. She put on a few moments with the paper in her hand, then laid it quietly upon the blazing grate and watched it till it burned itself away to ashes.

That done, she turned herself away with a proud smile and looked around her upon the splendid manuscripts that lay upon her writing desk.

CHAPTER II.

"Frank, will you go with me to-night to the soirée?" said the pretty Mrs. Hunter, tripping into the study where her husband sat, and closing the window.

"I can't. Let my sister take you," he said, without lifting his eyes from his book.

"What are you reading?" she rattled on. "What is interesting enough to make you give up your cigar at this time of day?" and laying her hand upon his shoulder she looked over the page and read—"There is no love or sorrow so deep that a brave heart need be crushed by them."

"How very odd!" she said, with a light laugh. "What is it, Frank?"

"A book by Mary Hunter—my cousin," said her husband, speaking her name for the first time in four years.

"Mary Hunter—the authoress—your cousin? I said his wife, with wide open eyes. "Why didn't you tell me before. Why she is the 'lion' of the town—the subject for all the talk. Come and then I shall not be able to speak to her! How stupid in you!" and the little woman looked half inclined to cry.

"Are you sure that she will be there to-night?" said Frank, eagerly.

"Of course I am. Every one is going on that account. How could you be so strange, Frank? Here I might have been driving myself for the last week, but no! I was asking every one look and stare, and that hateful Mrs. Stone has had her all to herself, with the exception of you, Mary of envy. I declare, Frank, it's too bad. I've a great mind never to speak to you again."

"Pshaw! Don't be so foolish, Julia," said her husband, quietly. "Go and put on your flipperies and be silent. I will come in time before it is over and introduce you to Miss Hunter."

She gave him a delighted kiss, which he received very indifferently, and hurried away to her toilet. He resumed his book with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. May had never married, yet he felt, instinctively, it had not because she regretted him. He was sure that he was not her equal—he also felt that she knew it, and the thought humbled him. He finished his book late in the evening and went to the soiree, half longing and half dreading the interview. May had grown rich and famous. How would she receive one who deserted her when she was poor and obscure?

He entered the rooms with a guilty and embarrassed air. He was not to be turned from greeting his hostess, and bowed to her. She was sitting on a tete-a-tete chattering very like a bird, and evidently very much at ease with a tall, fine-looking girl who sat beside her, and beat her haughty head with a look of blended interest and scorn to hear what she was saying. Hunter felt his heart beat rapidly. Could that elegant woman, whose noble face and striking air contrasted so strongly with the mere physical beauty of her companion, be May? And that smile upon her scornful lip—the glance of the large eyes that were reading the shallow soul of his wife—what did they mean?

With a troubled heart he obeyed the summons of his wife and approached her. May raised her handsome eyes to his face, without seeming to recognize him.

"My husband—Miss Hunter," said Julia, with a glance of astonishment, and then Frank bowed deeply over the hand he had often held before, and raised his eyes to hers.

She welcomed him with graceful ease and apologized politely for her forgetfulness, while he seemed so bewildered that Julia slid with a gay laugh—

"Upon my word, Frank, you look as if Miss Hunter was some former lady love instead of the most celebrated authoress we have among us."

"I can assure you," said May naively, "neither your husband or myself ever loved or broken for each other," and waiving him to a seat just before them, she continued the conversation his coming had interrupted.

But May could not be permitted to remain in obscurity long. One by one her admirers stole around her, till Julia laughingly declared she thought herself the centre of attraction. Frank sat in the midst of the group with a bewildered brain. The light laughing voice of his wife sounded like "tinkling brass" on his ear, beside the deep, full musical tones of May—and it seemed to him that Julia had never said so many pointless and silly things before, as when so many of her superiors were listening.

He spoke stumblingly now and then at May. How calm and noble she looked! How grand the shape and development of her head—how beautiful her action—how sweet her smile! How all bent, instinctively, to do homage to her strong nature! And he who might have been by her side—he who could be carelessly addle. She had forgotten all—she was free from every thought that could pain her—and a flash of memory came to him, when he saw her there honored by those who were fit to honor her, and looking a queen regnant beside his vain and pretty wife.

The parting words—the parting scene came back to him—and he shrunk with that cruel wound him, he drank to the very drops the cup he had placed at her lips four years before.

But time—and May—were kind to Frank! It whispered Julia. "Are you ill? Do you want to go home?"

And starting from his reverie, he heard May saying in answer to some question—

"What I have written enough to give me a modest competence. It is not now, as in Byron's time—woman's whole existence. We get on very well, and I have found love easy to solve. That does, she turned herself away with a proud smile and looked at the splendid manuscripts that lay upon her writing desk.

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He spoke stumblingly now and then at May. How calm and noble she looked! How grand the shape and development of her head—how beautiful her action—how sweet her smile! How all bent, instinctively, to do homage to her strong nature! And he who might have been by her side—he who could be carelessly addle. She had forgotten all—she was free from every thought that could pain her—and a flash of memory came to him, when he saw her there honored by those who were fit to honor her, and looking a queen regnant beside his vain and pretty wife.

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"Of course I am. Every one is going on that account. How could you be so strange, Frank? Here I might have been driving myself for the last week, but no! I was asking every one look and stare, and that hateful Mrs. Stone has had her all to herself, with the exception of you, Mary of envy. I declare, Frank, it's too bad. I've a great mind never to speak to you again."

"Pshaw! Don't be so foolish, Julia," said her husband, quietly. "Go and put on your flipperies and be silent. I will come in time before it is over and introduce you to Miss Hunter."

She gave him a delighted kiss, which he received very indifferently, and hurried away to her toilet. He resumed his book with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. May had never married, yet he felt, instinctively, it had not because she regretted him. He was sure that he was not her equal—he also felt that she knew it, and the thought humbled him. He finished his book late in the evening and went to the soiree, half longing and half dreading the interview. May had grown rich and famous. How would she receive one who deserted her when she was poor and obscure?

He entered the rooms with a guilty and embarrassed air. He was not to be turned from greeting his hostess, and bowed to her. She was sitting on a tete-a-tete chattering very like a bird, and evidently very much at ease with a tall, fine-looking girl who sat beside her, and beat her haughty head with a look of blended interest and scorn to hear what she was saying. Hunter felt his heart beat rapidly. Could that elegant woman, whose noble face and striking air contrasted so strongly with the mere physical beauty of her companion, be May? And that smile upon her scornful lip—the glance of the large eyes that were reading the shallow soul of his wife—what did they mean?

With a troubled heart he obeyed the summons of his wife and approached her. May raised her handsome eyes to his face, without seeming to recognize him.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10.

TERMS OF THE LEDGER, Two Dollars per annum; two copies, for Three Dollars; payable invariably in advance. No subscription taken for a less period than one year.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party presents hereafter to act as such, you can put him down as a swindler. The best way to get our paper is at the book and periodical stores; but if you happen not to be within reach of one, then you can send us two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

THE GOD-MAKER OF MOSCOW will not be published in book form; nor will we, as a general thing, allow Mr. Sketch to be issued elsewhere than in our own columns. If you want, therefore, to preserve the Stories you must preserve the LEDGER.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER can be obtained at all the periodical and newspaper stores throughout the United States and Canada.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

We are pleased to inform our readers that we have entered into an arrangement with the popular novelette and story-writer, STEPHEN CRANE, Jr., whereby he is to write exclusively for the NEW YORK LEDGER. He will not write a line for any paper but ours. Mr. CRANE has for a long time been connected with the Boston press; and besides writing a great amount of matter which has been published over his own name, he has been engaged in *building up at least half a dozen* other names. AUGUSTE C. BUNKER, the author which name *Bulkley's Pictorial* has made such a Tale, is no more nor less than one of Mr. CRANE'S *noms de plume*. Another Boston weekly sends out, alternate nine more tales about a story by HORACE B. STANDPOOL. That also was Mr. CRANE'S Tale.

We will practice no such "game," however, in our columns; we will do Mr. CRANE, as well as our readers, the justice to publish all his Stories under his own name; so that the admirers of *Austin C. Burchett* and *Horace B. Standpool* cannot complain. We will first all the writings of their favorites under Mr. CRANE'S own name in our columns.

Our circulation is now increasing with extraordinary rapidity. Of last week's paper we printed two hundred and twenty-two THOUSAND, *one hundred and eleven thousand, printer's count*, to be exact, *twenty or thirty thousand copies* short of any weekly paper in the United States, the Weekly Tribune excepted; and we are determined to leave "no stone unturned" until we have introduced the LEDGER into "every nook and corner of the land." All numerous other attractions which we have in store, we do not now intend to speak; our paper must speak for itself.

THE LESSON OF THE WAR.

The late European war has exerted an mighty an influence over the opinions and heart of the world as over its commerce. The fluctuation in trade has been equaled if not surpassed by the changes in public sentiment and the elevation and the depression in public feeling. During the continuance of the contest, the attention of the civilized world in both hemispheres has been fixed on the combatants; their every action as well as their resources, have been a subject of study; and the blood, so lavishly shed in the desperate struggle, has had at least one good influence and perhaps the only one—to teach man the folly and barbarity of war among civilized nations and to weave the human heart everywhere to the exercise of pity and sympathy. The tragedy is ended, but it leaves behind it a lasting impression upon the opinions, the heart, the character of the spectators. The results of the contest have not changed, though they have served to modify and in many cases to strengthen our previous ideas of the character and resources of the parties engaged. Those who sympathize with Russia and those who sympathize with Turkey and the Allies retain the opinions of four years ago. The friends of Russia still believe her to be invincible; the friends of Turkey still have confidence in her ability to defend herself from her great antagonist. A calm has succeeded to the storm of passion which raged around Sebastopol, and most wars after wars of mingled rage and pity through the breasts of man to the end of the earth. The excitement produced in the country by the reports from the seat of war has nearly subsided, and now we are at leisure to admire and praise the valor of the combatants, to count the dead and sympathize with the bereaved living. There is no difference of opinion regarding the heroic courage of the Russian soldiers who defended the great fortress, or of the British soldiers who fought like Britons at Balaklava and Inkerman, or of the French soldiers who took the Malakoff, or of the Turkish soldiers who dared and suffered so nobly at Silistria and at Kars. The war must in the movement has been the means of sweeping into eternity about one million of men, more or less; their graves, if placed in a line, would reach from New York to the Mississippi. *Five* millions have wept for the loss of dear friends, of fathers and brothers and sons; *five* millions of men bear back to their families the scars of the wounds which they have received in deadly conflict. In presence of these and facts every feeling of the spectators should be swallowed up and lost in sorrow for the dead and sympathy for the suffering survivors. The history and results of the last war ought to diffuse and strengthen a love of peace over the entire globe, and well will it be for the American people, if the better feelings which they experienced as spectators control their future conduct as individuals and as a nation.

GOOD-NATURE.

Man is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows, by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbor. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are filling foul upon one another.

Half of the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the grievances they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing, therefore, which we ought more to cultivate than a habit of conversation in these offices, and that disposition of mind which is denominated good-nature.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and imperfection unapproachable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing but the imitation and mimicry of good-nature, or, in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of language and behavior. These are superior shows and appearances of humanity recommended as much by their outward beauty, since they are founded upon a real principle of nature; but without it, are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is usually born with us; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are the great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up in those it does not grow for itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce.

CONGRESSIONAL MARTYRDOM.

It has become lamentably common of late for Members of Congress not only to abuse, blackguard, and assault each other, but to insult private individuals who have no means of defending themselves on the floor of Congress, and afterward to refuse to make any reparation. These public, official blackguards deal out their Billingsgate and their vituperations with as much impunity as if they were in the plentiful supply and a practiced tongue, and then sneak behind their constitutional "Privilege" which shields them from responsibility for what they say in Congress. Your *honorable* Senator, like a snarling dog, grows insolent upon fat diet, with his head thrust out of his kennel, barks and yelps with a swollen courage, in the full consciousness that he has a constitutional "privilege" at his back, into which he can retreat, when the insulted turn to inflict merited punishment. The taunt of the Congressman who would thus insult a citizen and refuse him reparation, should be a blazing and fiery arrow from the Arcenal to the Bar Ground.

INTERFERENCE IN DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

BALTIMORE, May, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—About five years ago I fell in love with a beautiful girl, and my attachment was reciprocated. Her parents opposed our union, and refused to give her to marry another. Since her marriage, her husband has become quite dissipated and uses her shamefully. I still love her, and think if she was free from her husband she would be happy with me, though she is too good a woman to think of such a thing now while she is the wife of another. What shall I do? I wish to know in this, namely: Would it be wrong for me to speak to her about getting a divorce, and if possible induce her to get rid of the wretch? or, in case that could not be done, would it be wrong for me to discharge the villian and put an end to him at once? He is a great scamp. YOUNG SOLY.

We think it would be wrong for "Maryland" to discharge the villian in either of the ways proposed by him. His best way will be to let things take their course. It is time enough for an "outsider" to meddle with any couple's domestic affairs when he is solicited to do so, or when they have themselves made up their minds to live separately.

OUR FOUR.—In reply to a correspondent, we would state that the Boston *Museum*, a paper published in Boston a few years ago, was the *first* weekly of the same size and form of the LEDGER. It had a similar border to that of the LEDGER, but our beautiful heading, and general typographical appearance are much superior to anything yet published; still the *Museum* was the *first*—the *original*, so far as the form is concerned, and while it lived was a very good paper. The LEDGER, however, is the only illustrated weekly of the kind ever published in the United States; it is the great popularity proves that it stands *first* with the people.

ALL THE STORIES that appear in the LEDGER are original; and when exchange papers copy them they must give the customary credit, or we will most positively decline exchanging with them.

HACK NUMBERS, containing Mr. Cobb's new Story complete, as far as published, can be obtained at our office; or they can be ordered through any newsdealer.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by R. BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"LEAVES OF GRASS."

Well baptized: fresh, hardy, and grown for the sun. Not even welcome at their native rail type to the winter-hound, bed-ridden, and spring-emancipated invalid. "Leaves of Grass" there not unsparingly delicious, after the forced, stiff, Parmesian exotics for which our admiration has been vainly challenged.

Walt Whitman, the civilized world needed thee. The cimbled soul whose wings ever drooped with discouragement, could not choose but rise on the strong pinions—

"Undrape—you are not guilty to me, nor stale nor disorderly;
I see through the broadcloth and gingham whether or no."

"O daughter, here is my search,
You shall not go down! Hang your white weight upon me."

Walt Whitman, the world needed a "Native American" of thorough, out and out breed—enamored of women not *ladies*, men not *gentlemen*; something better than a mere Catholic-hating Know-Nothing; it needed a man who dared speak out his strong, honest thoughts, in the institution and mimicry of good-nature, or, in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of language and behavior. These are superior shows and appearances of humanity recommended as much by their outward beauty, since they are founded upon a real principle of nature; but without it, are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is usually born with us; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are the great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up in those it does not grow for itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce.

CONGRESSIONAL MARTYRDOM.

It has become lamentably common of late for Members of Congress not only to abuse, blackguard, and assault each other, but to insult private individuals who have no means of defending themselves on the floor of Congress, and afterward to refuse to make any reparation. These public, official blackguards deal out their Billingsgate and their vituperations with as much impunity as if they were in the plentiful supply and a practiced tongue, and then sneak behind their constitutional "Privilege" which shields them from responsibility for what they say in Congress. Your *honorable* Senator, like a snarling dog, grows insolent upon fat diet, with his head thrust out of his kennel, barks and yelps with a swollen courage, in the full consciousness that he has a constitutional "privilege" at his back, into which he can retreat, when the insulted turn to inflict merited punishment. The taunt of the Congressman who would thus insult a citizen and refuse him reparation, should be a blazing and fiery arrow from the Arcenal to the Bar Ground.

INTERFERENCE IN DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

BALTIMORE, May, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—About five years ago I fell in love with a beautiful girl, and my attachment was reciprocated. Her parents opposed our union, and refused to give her to marry another. Since her marriage, her husband has become quite dissipated and uses her shamefully. I still love her, and think if she was free from her husband she would be happy with me, though she is too good a woman to think of such a thing now while she is the wife of another. What shall I do? I wish to know in this, namely: Would it be wrong for me to speak to her about getting a divorce, and if possible induce her to get rid of the wretch? or, in case that could not be done, would it be wrong for me to discharge the villian and put an end to him at once? He is a great scamp. YOUNG SOLY.

We think it would be wrong for "Maryland" to discharge the villian in either of the ways proposed by him. His best way will be to let things take their course. It is time enough for an "outsider" to meddle with any couple's domestic affairs when he is solicited to do so, or when they have themselves made up their minds to live separately.

OUR FOUR.—In reply to a correspondent, we would state that the Boston *Museum*, a paper published in Boston a few years ago, was the *first* weekly of the same size and form of the LEDGER. It had a similar border to that of the LEDGER, but our beautiful heading, and general typographical appearance are much superior to anything yet published; still the *Museum* was the *first*—the *original*, so far as the form is concerned, and while it lived was a very good paper. The LEDGER, however, is the only illustrated weekly of the kind ever published in the United States; it is the great popularity proves that it stands *first* with the people.

ALL THE STORIES that appear in the LEDGER are original; and when exchange papers copy them they must give the customary credit, or we will most positively decline exchanging with them.

HACK NUMBERS, containing Mr. Cobb's new Story complete, as far as published, can be obtained at our office; or they can be ordered through any newsdealer.

—Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy, walks to his own funeral dressed in his shroud.

* * * * * * * * *

I hate him that oppresses me,
I will either destroy him, or he shall release me.

* * * * * * * * *

I find letters from God dropped in the street, and every one is signed by God's name.
And I leave them where they are, for I know that others will punctually come forever and ever.

* * * * * * * * *

—Under Niagara, *the cataract falling like a veil over my countenance.*

* * * * * * * * *

Of the grass he says:
"It seems to me the beautiful *uncut hair of graves.*"

I close the extracts from these "Leaves," which it were easy to multiply, for one is more puzzled what to leave uncalled, than what to gather, with the following sentiments; for which, and for all the good things included between the covers of his book, Mr. Whitman will please accept the cordial grasp of a woman's hand:

"The wife—and she is not one jot less than the husband—
The daughter—and she is just as good as the son,
The mother—and she is every bit as much as the father."

FANNY FERN.

"LITTLE BENNY."

So the simple headstone said. Why did my eyes fill? I never saw the little creature. I never looked in his laughing eye, or heard his merry shout, or listened for his tripping tread; I never pillowed his little head, or bore his little form, or smoothed his silky locks, or kissed his dimpled limbs, or fed his cherry lips with dainty bits, or kissed his rosy cheek as he lay sleeping.

I did not see his eye grow dim; or his little hand droop powerless; or the dew of agony gather on his pale forehead; I stood not when I clasped hands and suspended breath, and watched the look that comes but once, all over the face of death. And yet, "little Benny," my tears are falling; for, *somewhere*, I know, there is an empty cot, a vacant chair, where some robes would a desolate heartbreak, and a weeping mother.

"LITTLE BENNY!"

It was all her full heart could utter; and it was enough. It tells the whole story.

FANNY FERN.

THE NOBLE CITIZEN.

Such are to be found in almost every community; and then by way of contrast some are seen who are not noble. The difference is very great. Besides, every state of society has its peculiar temptations. A prosperous community has those which are peculiar to prosperity. In an old decaying community has those which are peculiar to a state of decline and decay. In which sort of community the temptations to meanness, selfishness and littleness are greatest, it may be difficult to tell. If every thing is on the down second, a man may be tempted to grasp the more eagerly and get what he can. He says to himself, I must grasp or I get nothing. He finds that what he has; he gets what he can. He has no public spirit. He is not ready for public improvements. In a stagnant or declining community this temptation is fearfully powerful. It makes many a mean and contemptible character.

But in a thriving community, prosperity, on the other hand, often closes the heart. Money is made easily; money-making becomes a habit. To get, to hoard, to be very rich, is the chief end of man. No matter what school-house ought to be built; no matter what other public institutions call for aid. Some will do just so much in the way of public improvements, as they are compelled to do and no more. The main thing is personal acquisition.

And those who are naturally avaricious are quick to find out where money is to be made. Their scent for coin is keen. Where the carcass is, there the eagles will be, with their sharp eyes. Hence many more selfish, avaricious, money-grinders are to be found in a thriving place.

But not these alone. The power to be gained, too, public spirited, noble-hearted seems about to make some persons so. At all events there are some whose noble natures rejoice in noble opportunities. They improve them and expand with them. They study the public welfare. Their minds are not always revolving around their own petty interests. They make money, and let themselves alone, but for the community in which they dwell. They have an eye constantly to its peace, comfort, prosperity, and honor. To see whose influence it felt. They are beloved and honored. Even base and selfish men may get place, but they are not honored!

"THAT STRAIN AGAIN."

Oh, that dear strain! It is just pouring beneath our window, and is playing the Marseillaise with surpassing power. Like the Warrior Member of Congress who had finished reading the duel scene in the *Gun-maker of Moscow*—we want to strike somebody! No wonder Louis Napoleon will not allow that tune to be played, sung, whistled or hummed, in France. One blast of its soul-stirring strains would blow his tyranny to shivers. Despotism can no more stand up against that air, than could the walls of Jericho before the rude assaults of the Israelites. Let the little Napkin beware how he ventures to play it on his whistle, for the reverberations being blown the walls of the Tuileries upon his silver cradle.

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY.—We see it stated in a daily paper that a certain girl (whose name we do not here mention, for obvious reasons) recently took the first prize, in a seminary up town, for good scholarship, good deportment, and all the other goods. Her teachers would not wonder at her superiority, perhaps, did they know that she is a daughter of FANNY FERN.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A LOUISIANA paper states that in the Parish of Tchoboussa in that State, as a troop of children were playing "soldiers," with a red flag steaming from a broomstick, a bull in the neighborhood took offence and charged upon the juvenile warriors, when he would certainly have seriously damaged, and not an enormous blockhead come to their rescue and turn off the bull's horns.

NOT long since an alligator *ate* republicanism, entered the hut of a negro living near Bayou Sara, Louisiana, and swallowed a pair of twins that were playing around the floor. The mother hearing them shriek, seized an axe and rushed to their aid but instead of being able to rescue them she came near falling a victim herself. Her cries alarmed some men who were near, and they succeeded in killing the monster.

MRS. SUSAN KELLY was recently murdered at Ballenbey, Ireland, while walking near her house, by two men, dressed in female attire with veils drawn over their faces. Her income was over a hundred thousand dollars a year, and it is thought her heirs were concerned in what she might have to say.

WHEN the town of Tul Ping Wang was recaptured from the rebels by the Chinese Imperial troops all the inhabitants were murdered, except 400 boys, whose heads being first shaved them, they were thrown into a pit and buried alive amid the shouts of the brutal soldiers.

A WOMAN dressed in man's clothes made love to a young lady in Syracuse not long since, and married her. The father of the bride, suspecting something wrong, had the impostor arrested, but the latter's female true to her husband and insists on having the marriage sustained. There is something great about that affair.

The question of polygamy in the mission-army churches in the East is causing much trouble. The Missionaries don't like the notion in Syria, because he has more than one wife, and Christians refuse to contribute funds if they do.

MR. SHARP, a resident of Jersey, consisting of a father, mother and two children, were recently found dead in Kansas, Missouri. The father was thought the father had first killed his wife and children and then shot himself.

It has been discovered at Washington that had warrants exceeding one million of acres have been issued, and further discoveries are constantly being made. Let our friends, in buying land warrants, be careful what they purchase.

REUBEN P. DAVIS, a deacon of the Baptist Church in Waltham, Mass., and the owner of a large and valuable estate, recently eloped, secreted and committed forgeries to the amount of $150,000, and ran away.

THE army of Mexico have grabbed all the church property, according to an immense sum in the aggregate. The Bishop offered the outstanding general $600,000, to compromise, which was refused.

A MAN named Jersey Pennington murdered his fiancé a few days since, and buried it up in her trunk, where it was found by the officer who arrested her on suspicion of having killed her relative.

AN Indian of the Camanche tribe was lately roasted near Fort Brown, Texas, for having taken part of his children in the fire with his spear until it carried, it having annoyed him by crying.

A number of six editors in New Jersey have all eloped from their husbands, and are now living with illegal partners; one having just successfully achieved her third elopement.

THE Crystal Palace is to be sold on the 23d instant. It is for no less sum than four millions, so we shall not buy it for the LEDGER office.

IT is thought that France and Russia will take possession of the Black Sea during the existence of Italy.

AN old general worn by General Washington during the Revolution, was recently sold at auction for five dollars.

"DOCTOR, Cry," the only surviving son of the celebrated Indian warrior Tecumseh, has turned up near Washington, Texas.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A MAN whose feet did not emit a pleasant odor, once applied to a celebrated surgeon for a remedy for such disease. "Fill a pail with water, an warm as you can bear it, and in reaches to your knees, and then scrub your legs with oak-pegs for a quarter of an hour." "Why, hang it, man," said the patient, "that amounts to a terrible bother, you'd see *fun*!" "Ah, yes," said the surgeon, "I forgot; with you that is a serious objection."

AN Alabama editor says of a late festive occasion, "Several bonfires and songs were musterly advanced, and received in the chorus with harmony and unanimity, while the eloquence was borne from the speakers' lips in the manner peculiar to an Alabamian, the dying echoes of which were like the murmuring of distant thunder."

IN tavern measures, two gills make one horn; two horns make one spree; two spress make one bowl; two bowls make one edition-book; two edition-books make one primer; two primers make one pedlar-load.

A MAN in Cincinnati, the father of ten children, thinks he contains a great loss by not having twelve at once. He says he will take the orders that the youngest has outgrown.

SYDNEY SMITH, in speaking of the very fruitful habits of the Scotch, said that Queen Victoria is the only sovereign that ever went into Scotland and got only one.

HOW can a man who has no wings be said to "take wing?" is an affair of logic. Because in fighting a duel he makes a gross of himself.

OF what material should a spiritualist journal be printed? Whipping paper.

THE CLIPPER has recently appeared in a new and greatly improved form, with a pictorial heading. Our old friend JOHN, late of the firm of Rose, JOHN & TOWNLEY, has, we observe, purchased the half of the *Clipper*, and will hereafter devote his energies to the management and editorial advancement of the paper. Mr. JOHN is an active, energetic, clear-headed business man; and, when he puts his shoulder to the wheel, the wheel assuredly is afloat of the LEDGER, at a time when we appreciated his assistance. The best we can now do is, to wish him unbounded success.

THE BEST WAY to get easy weekly paper is through the news depots. It is preferable to subscribing by the year, inasmuch as you can buy it from week to week, and do not run the risk of being "stuck" for a whole year with a paper that may prove objectionable before you have read half a dozen numbers of it. We prefer that the LEDGER should be tested in this way.

LABOR.

In Life's vast field fulfil the work of duty,
Oh ! ye who serve the one great power and true,
For Labor sheds on earth the bloom of beauty,
A flower unfading of celestial hue!

Whether to spread the truth thy sacred mission
Thro' darken'd hearts of ignorance and crime,
Nobly to strengthen faltering indecision
And heal the erring soul to hopes sublime;

Whether from forge or workshop, echoes ringing
Of that dull music unatten'd by men,
In all ye toil may hear sweet angels singing
The sacred melodies that float above!

Let your heart to them bend perfect measure,
Mid hopes of time remembering Life's great aim,
Work, ceaseless work, not for the enduring treasure,
But for the harvests of immortal fame.

A fame surpassing that of man's creation,
By angels trumpeted, by God bestow'd
Attends the spirit in its exaltation
With hymns of praise to Heaven's unseen abode.

And toil with earnest faith; for faith to labor
Is as the spirit to the outward frame,
It ever vivifies, and prompts the neighbor,
And steadfast stands in storm or calm the same!

Else dead are all our acts; in self beginning,
With better purpose they shall more blend;
And whilst true faith the crown of Life is winning,
Unquicken'd deeds in Death eternal end!

NORMA DANTON;

OR THE

ORPHAN OF THE LIGHT HOUSE

TALE OF FRAUD AND REVENGE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The sudden appearance of Chaffer in Mr. Danton's grounds, and the subsequent disappearance of May, must be accounted for.

Chaffer had been ordered by Cris to await him on a cross road, which lay near the premises, and run directly by the mansion, so brilliant with lamps and sounds of glad laughter. A gate deeply embowered with trees opened into the garden from the road, which was usually kept fastened, but that night, in the bustle of the reception of carriages and the hospitality to guests, it had been forgotten by the servant who had charge of it; and in his curious search for adventure and gain, Chaffer had found his way through it into the walk, whence he could catch glimpses of the noble supper room. The guests were just retiring as he effected his entrance to the garden. As the rich service of silver, with other tokens of wealth, met his eyes, they glistened with the hope that an opportunity would offer by which he might profit and secure some portion of the precious metal to himself; so, he crouched behind a statue to wait his chance.

He watched with impatience nearly an hour, when his wary glance was fascinated by the appearance of the young lady, slowly and thoughtfully approaching the spot. A horrid satisfaction filled his murderous breast. She seated herself almost within his reach; and creeping stealthily a few paces forward, he threw the fatal noose. One moment more the jewels from her neck and arms were transferred to the Barker's pocket, and then the sound of wheels and a low whistle apprized him of the presence of Cris in close neighborhood. Several crafty rings still flashed on her pale hands which he feared it difficult to remove. Besides, he remembered Cris's warning. He muttered something to himself.

"Why not? They wants a body; that'll do as well as any. She's dead, by half; he half white-pered, as he lifted the insensible body in his arms and proceeded towards the gate. It opened at a touch and closed again with merely a slight creak of hinge or bar. Twenty steps beyond a covered one-horse wagon was standing. He bore his light burden, swung easily across his shoulder to the spot.

"Halle ya! let's get you?" said Cris, softly. "What in the devil's this, hey?"

"She," said Chaffer, "It's a gal as walked too late in the garden. I tell you she's a shiner. Look there!" and he held the small hand with the shining circlets close before the eyes of Cris.

"What in the name of Lucifer have you been doing this for?"

"They're worth a hundred guineas every penny on't."

"A hundred devils! This will set the country all in arms. If that girl be murdered you will swing for it, as sure as your name is Chaffer and mine is Cris."

"Softly, my cove; you come along; share and share alike to the word; and here's the booty." And he drew forth the glittering diamonds.

"Jack Ketch shall have us both. They want's a body don't they?" said Chaffer, pointing with his thumb in the direction where he indicated by Cris as their point of destination.

"Well, suppose they do, we can't stay now."

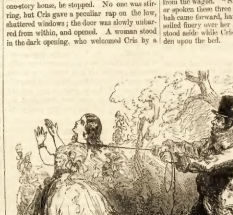
"Give 'em the gal. Bring off of her rags; they'll sell for snuffin, and put the sheet about her and leave her for them to take care on or answer for." He laid the body down in the further part of the wagon, as he spoke, and a faint moan startled both the villains.

"God! she's alive!" said Cris. "Chaffer, hold off. I tell you, you old fool, we're safer if the girl is alive. We've got enough, and she's such a shaving of a thing she'll die by degrees of the fright. Just get in. I'll drive on and let her come to at her leisure."

Chaffer reluctantly withdrew his outstretched hand, itching to finish the job it had begun, for Cris spoke with a tone of authority not to be gainsayed, and muttering about hard terms, he seated himself in the vehicle as he was bidden. Four May sat between the two ruffians, breathing suffocatingly at intervals, but unconscious of her own identity and everything else connected with her disagreeable surroundings.

Cris drove the horse with uninterrupted speed, and about daylight entered a populous town twenty miles or more from the city. Cris seemed to be well posted in the highways and byways, for he drove steadily through the town until he reached the eastern boundary, which bordered the seaside. There, before a brown one-story house, he stopped. No one was stirring, but Cris gave a peculiar rap on the low, shuttered windows; the door was slowly unbarred from within, and opened. A woman stood in the dark opening, who welcomed Cris by a joyful entrance, but instantly retreated as she discovered he was not alone.

"Azubah," said Cris, familiarly, "I've got a patient for you—one who's sick of the town and comes down for sea air;" and he lifted her from the wagon. "She hasn't opened her eyes or spoken these three hours," said Cris, as the bulk came forward, having thrown a remnant of soiled finery over her night habiliments. She stood aside while Cris laid his insensible burden upon the bed.



CHAFFER " BURKING " MAY DANTON.

"Take care of her; that's all," said Cris.

She set about her task with an air of pitying tenderness. The sufferer groaned occasionally, and yet Azubah was not rough in her motions.

The men seated themselves in the outer room, and were coolly discussing the division and disposal of their spoil, for the diamonds could be of no use to them unless converted into money.

Azubah examined her patient carefully, and discovered that she had received a severe contusion on her right temple, which fully accounted for her stupefaction. Azubah felt the hard, laboring pulse and about her head doubtfully, and taking a key from her bosom she applied it to a small chony box which stood conspicuously on the wide, high mantelpiece, and taking from it a small phial, she poured a portion of its contents between the lips of her patient, and then applied a few drops to the fair hand of the insensible May.

"I know what I know, and what I don't know I shall find out," said Azubah, musingly; and then she stood silently watching the effect of the drug.

"The girl breathes easier—she does; her eyelids quiver."

Slowly they unclosed; she lifted her hand to her forehead, and moaned like a child who has not the un of language to speak its complaints.

Again the strange woman applied the phial to the sufferer's lips, and in a few moments she sank into a quiet slumber. She watched her awhile silently.

"Well, with," said Cris, entering noisily.

"Hist," said the wife, "she's sleeping."

"I beg your pardon, Doctrine; what's the likelihood that the young woman will die?"

"May be," said Azubah, "but she won't have much cause to trouble her with in future."

"So much the better," said Chaffer, surly; "we can let her run and she won't peach. She it 're 'ed again the hiumage when she fell; I wasn't Lady Julia's fault. It's come of them watches gosh as sich folks always bows down to and worships."

After a few words of private conference with her husband, Azubah returned to her charge. The men shortly after went away together, and left Azubah to do her best to restore to health the kidnapped girl.

This same personage, so familiarly designated as Cris, by his pal, Chaffer the Barker, was in his youth a person of better habits and fortunes, and respectable in the land of his birth. That was when Azubah first loved him. But he took to bad ways, and from bad to worse, till scarcely a vestige of the former man was left to answer for the identity of his name.

Azubah was a gifted woman; the war sight was hers, handed down from mother to daughter in her family for many centuries; and though there were tricks in the trade she practised they were so nicely managed that the superstitious question after hidden mysteries were completely duped by her skilful cunning. Azubah was what is called "a fortune teller" by profession, and in reality possessed great sagacity and spirit, with a strong dash of faith in her own peculiar claims to superior knowledge. She performed her part with infinite tact. Her knowledge of human nature and her powers of discrimination enabled her to pursue her calling with considerable effect, and by that means she kept herself independent of and free from taint of the villainous life led by her husband; which, from long habit, had become second nature to Cris. She clung to him through all his evil life with that wonderful tenacity of affection always alive in the heart of a true woman. She had followed him from land to land, and stood by his side during disgrace and almost death. She had kept him rid for weeks from the ministers of the law, and practised her weird art to support him, which was as innocent deceit as a thousand others. She had sent him out of the country that he might elude pursuit for crimes which would have consigned him to Newgate or the gallows. She hoped to save him yet from his fearful deserts.

CHAPTER XXX.

After Milo's assertion that he had seen Norma, Mr. Danton caused notices to be inserted in all the newspapers in the city to this effect: "That, if a young girl, named Norma Danton, would call or send her address, she would hear something greatly to her advantage." The young girl had kept the secret of her name well. Day after day no answer came to the advertisement; night after night James Danton was a prey to harassing and terrible fancies.

Norma was too feeble to be removed from Miss Lenhman's. Her life depended on the perfect quiet with which the careful watch of those kind friends surrounded her. As soon as she could be removed without danger, Mrs. Marshall insisted upon conveying her to her own house. Norma had no voice in the matter; she was not allowed to speak above a whisper, for fear of a return of the hemorrhage.

By slow degrees she recovered the use of her voice, and was pronounced out of danger. With the gentle confidence of her friends, and good old Mrs. Jamison in particular, She still watched over her son's foundling with a motherly solicitude, and she resigned her unwillingly to the care of one but excellent friends.

Norma was better, well enough to go down stairs, and Mrs. Marshall took her to her own table, and was so proud of her lovely protege, Otis could not take at her enthusiasm. He himself was pleased with the exquisite pleasure this addition to the family gave him. There was a new and beautiful charm about that fair, loquacious maiden.

One morning, as the young girl passed from the breakfast room to her own, she was joined Otis Marshall had left (after recalling) beside his plate, and with the persistency of old habit, Otis took her arm, for fullness of form for her. There was nothing, and she had decided that she would that very day tell Miss Lenhman her whole story and ask her how she had known her brother.

She looked cautiously down the page. Her own name attracted her attention. She read, paused, flushed, paled. Mrs. Marshall noticing her perturbation, questioned of the cause. She pointed to the notice and said, "I am James Danton."

Mrs. Marshall gazed at her in astonishment. "And, child, what do you mean?" said she affectionately.

Norma then related to her the whole story of her life, from beginning to end; how Milo had insulted her; how she had fled from the lighthouse, and how she had watched over the wreckers the morning it fell; how she came to the city, and on the way heard that she was supposed to have perished in the ruin, and fate of the four that her own name might bring her trouble, or that Milo or her uncle might find her out. She concluded, for again she had concluded, all by herself, to take the name of Bell Waters, though now her reasons for doing so seemed foolish and childish; how she had tried to find work, to pay for food and shelter at the hard-hearted dress-maker's; how she was cruelly repulsed, with strange words, the import of which she did not then understand; how she was weeping through the gathering gloom of night, till she reached the old mansion; and how she sat there and wept over the memories of early childhood, till, in the cold and dark, she fell asleep; of her being awakened by the policemen, and how his rough threat was converted by the interference of one who wished to be her protector but proved a villain; how in her distress and terror of him she, in mad desperation, set fire to the draperies and combustibles in her splendid prison, and laid herself down to die, but was rescued by the same policeman from whose hands she had been taken by the treacherous Wortley; and how old Mrs. Jamison had been a mother to her ever since; how, from a wish to be independent and make her own way in the world, unshackled by connection with a name which, to say the least, could do her no good, she had still carefully concealed her parentage from her best friends; how she had lost the clue to her brother and supposed him lost at sea, or enslaved in some foreign land, until she had seen his name on a letter at Miss Lenhman's; that she had that same day met Milo Houston on the street, and the sudden sight of the two unexpected events had upon her, had caused the rupture of a blood vessel and her subsequent illness; that now, as her uncle desired to see her in his day of anguish, she would go to him and try to comfort him.

Mrs. Marshall listened with breathless attention to the young girl's account of her past life. She was not the only auditor of that touching and pathetic recital. Otis had returned to the room unnoticed by Norma, in the earnestness of her exciting theme, and he heard the story also. He now came forward and offered to be the bearer of the pleasing intelligence to her uncle. Norma thanked him with a sweet simplicity, and awaited his return with that quiet dignity so natural to her.

Meantime, the thoughtful Mrs. Marshall sent for Miss Lenhman, that Norma might know all she could of her brother. Ursula came at the summons of her friend, and heard with delighted surprise the denouement that had just transpired. William Danton would be in his native city in a few months.

Norma's heart was full; she would meet her brother again; the long lost brother would yet return to bless her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

That day James Danton made a new will, in which the children of his brother were made co-heirs with his own at his death, and a liberal supply set apart for their immediate use and command; and in case of the non-appearance of the missing daughter, May Danton, her portion was to be divided equally between the children of William and Allen Danton, deceased.

The romance of Norma's long estrangement from her kindred, and her opportune return, had awakened some degree of excitement among those acquainted with the facts.

From their recent afflictions, they secluded themselves entirely from general society.

Mrs. Danton seemed at first rather shocked at the idea of Norma's accession to a portion of the property, but after her establishment in the family, she fell into the habit of loving her deeply. She was restored to them under the agreeable auspices, as the *protege* of one of the first ladies in the city, and was in herself so elegant and refined—always easier or vulgar—all about her—that even the fastidious Mrs. Danton had no fault to find with her young relative. She finally came to like her exceedingly as beneficial an influence over her uncle's fearful moods. He was quiet and subdued with her, and never in fear of her presence, while she did all in her power to win him from that fearful self-communion with his rocked fancies.

Days of delight and misery aught of poor May seemed failing more and more each successive day, from the minds of her parents. It became harder and harder every day to give her up, and yet her fate seemed wedded to impracticable obscurity, and the barest possibilities were all that could be left for them to guess at.

Ethel had been faithfully informed of the various occurrences that had transpired at home. He listened to them, and then, although he had nothing to fear; for Mr. Norbold had entirely recovered from his wound, and really refused to implicate Ethel Danton in the affair, so that, out of their own immediate circle, his part in the disgraceful transaction never transpired. Mr. Norbold loved his young wife too truly to expose her to the censure of an unscrupulous world. She had found the teachings by which she had loaned, ineffectual and unsafe, and was resolved to trust them no more with her willful-doe-my dances and subtle practices. Stronger heads might follow them; she had received a lesson which which would last for the remainder of her life.

Chaffer and Cris received little benefit as yet from their ill-acquired wealth, as suspicion was on the alert, and the very shape and size of the stones worn by May Danton on the night of her disappearance so minutely described, and their weight and value so closely computed, the robbers dared not offer them for sale, lest they should betray themselves. The two villains would not trust each other; the fascination of crime kept them perpetually in company, although each desired the other's absence; they were yoke-fellows in a fearful brotherhood, yet hating each other cordially. Cris consulted with Azubah what was to be done in the emergency, for his supply of funds was getting low. She gave her advice that if they wanted to sell the diamonds they'd better go to some place where they would be less liable to detection, and sell the jewels separately, one or two at a time, to some of the Jewish ladies; meanwhile, she would return to her old business in town.

"And the young woman," said Cris.

"Oh!" replied his wife, "I'll take care of her until we may with safety return her to her people. She does my bidding like a child, and never complains or seems to know the difference between her former state and her present humility. She hasn't recovered her right senses, poor thing, but I think I can bring her right yet, and if I can I will. If we send her home as she is now, they would kill her with their doctoring, and she is a precious jewel of a clairvoyant."

It was true, May was a natural clairvoyant. When a child, she was addicted to sleep walking, much to the terror of her family. Azubah had discovered, in the night she had kept over her gentle patient, that she was easily influenced by magnetism, and argued from it that she would become a valuable acquisition in her own peculiar line. The clearness and perspicuity of her mind in the somnambulic state were really remarkable.

Azubah imparted this fact in confidence to her husband, who allowed her to do just as she pleased in regard to the girl, so that it did not interfere with his projects. Azubah cautiously importuned him to have nothing to do with Chaffer, whose evil influence over her husband she feared; "for," said she, "it will only lead you to ruin, from which perhaps I shall not be able to save you. "Oh! Cris, dear, by me and let that bad man go with his evil gains; we will save the girl and send her home, and I can make enough for us both."

Cris loved his wife, strange as it may seem that one so hardened in vice could love anything, and was sometimes wrested from his bad intents by her persuasions, but now the bait was too tempting to be resisted; besides, Chaffer would ever divide the jewels with him and one go one way and the other another. "Ah! my cove, we go together; share and share alike," he said, with a fiendish grin. "You might turn again a pal if he was out of sight. Where you go I go."

The cold, blue eyes of Cris emitted sudden sparks, as though the anvil of thought struck a sudden resolve from the iron will. He did not answer him, but turned to bid his wife farewell. She looked after him as he strode away in freedom. A groan escaped her lips. Did a dim foreshadowing of the future float in the distance, growing so fast between them? or was it but a vision conjured by evil spirits to vex their sometime mistress?

That meagre retreat was all at once deserted. The two men went to New York to devise money on their valuables, leaving Azubah to raise spirits to satisfy the cravings of the curious inquirer into the secrets of futurity.

Azubah knew her business well. She had always ignored all interference on the part of her husband in her line, arguing that his knowledge of him would be detrimental rather than otherwise.

Azubah St. Jude in her advertisement employed such terms as she knew from experience would attract the vulgar eye, and they are characterizing in the usual style of those refined. Azubah received some very high company, if the results may be told,—people who would have felt decidedly cheap to have it known they consulted a fortune-teller. But so it was. The mysterious lady had been engaged for a few days only at No. — — Street was thronged with visitors, and well did she supply the demand for hidden knowledge. She was none of your dowdy-looking women, dealing with the powers that be, in dirty linen, slip-shod shoes, and uncombed hair—shuffling their developments from a pack of greasy cards. Oh! no—Azubah was Mistress St. Jude, an artist in her profession. Those who came to consult her were awed by the imposing grandeur of her appearance, as she sat on an elevated dais, mantled from head to foot in a dress of rich stuff, elegantly disposed about her noble English figure, girdled at the waist with a cestus which might have been stolen from Venus—and Mistress St. Jude doubtless had dealings with such genius, and her conscience wouldn't have kept her in the least for pilfering anything so needful for the success of her art. Be that as it may, the girdle was remarkably beautiful, and so gorgeous was a cashmere head-dress, and the strangely-characterized collar of colored brilliants and gold, the well-shaped throat, all of set to advantage. Her large, black eyes flashed proudly intelligent from beneath the full-arched brow. The hands of Jade lay open before her, supported on a tribune, slenderly constructed of mosaic, inlaid with pearl. In her right hand she held the wand of Jade of the same materials. A silver bell was on the table beside the book. The light was carefully admitted to the room in which she held the court of Destiny. Her dress, position, and surroundings, together with the power of her magnetic eye, were decidedly effective.

She received each guest alone. It was one of her rules that no two persons should ever be admitted together within the charmed circle of the unveiling room.

Mistress St. Jude kept a strict watch on her dreaming Neophyte, for she proved a valuable acquisition, inasmuch as intelligent answers were given to many questions in regard to the acquaintance of destiny through the medium. Mrs. St. Jude greatly enhanced the exercise of her own peculiar talents by the assistance of those who came within her sphere to unfold themselves to her, instead of her unfolding them to themselves. May was kept out of sight.

Clairvoyance was so decidedly new, and formed such a combination of strength that astonished the world, and herself, still she went on unfolding, with revelations which alike surprised her auditors and herself.

Her success was the most flattering.

She desired to make an effective and brilliant display of her powers of enchantment, at the time of the annual residence in the country. It seemed a little wicked in Azubah to bunting the people as she did. She had a sort of spite against the world, which she was bound to wreak upon it. Not that she had experienced so much in her own person, but her grandmother was burnt for a witch at Smithfield, because she would be telling the truth. Azubah's mother had never forgiven that, but dying handed it down along with the gift of glamour —that unforgiven wrong to be revenged, no matter how. Therefore, as Mistress St. Jude she had gulled half of London, and might have realized a handsome competency but for Cris' misfortunes, as she called them, and her adherence to his ruinous fortunes on land and sea.

Among others who came to Mistress St. Jude to test her witchcraft was one of Mrs. Danton's maid-servants, more to ascertain if the weird sister could tell what had become of Miss May, than for any more personal curiosity.

Ambush observed a singular agitation in her sleeping assistant when put en rapport with the young woman, though she was invisible. When the girl put her first question, the wild hostess threw the silver bell, and a low, clear voice slightly muffled by the unapparent distance, responded to the question. The questioner started and exclaimed, "That's like Miss May's voice!"

"And who is Miss May?" sternly questioned the prophetess.

The girl was thrown completely off her guard by the abrupt question, and, influenced by a subtle power she could not comprehend, related the entire story of May's disappearance, and many subsequent events that had in consequence occurred in the family, and finally wound up her narrative by imploring the wise woman to make known from the kitchen of obscurity the fate of her beloved young mistress.

There was a faint cry from within. Mrs. St. Jude dropped from the gig but quickly reappearing she commenced an incantation, and then gave a disguised account of the sudden flight. She said the girl had relapsed into her old habit of sleep-walking, that she had wandered out of the grounds, and hinted at the diamonds as the probable inducement to the person who had carried her off. The girl listened open-mouthed.

"She is concealed somewhere," continued Mrs. St. Jude, "and will be removed before to-morrow, although her reason is partially restored at present by the means through which she has passed." Her words were eagerly swallowed by the bewitched listener.

"Can't you tell where she is by your art?" asked the girl.

"Come here to-morrow, and persuade your mistress to hear you company, and we will see what revelations will come. To-morrow my vision will be clearer; to-day the cards will speak no more."

The girl returned to Mrs. Danton with an embellished account of her visit, and begged her to go and hear the wonderful things she could tell.

"Dreaming people catch at straws," and Mrs. Danton was induced to accompany her favorite domestic to the home of the fortune teller.

Madam St. Jude, clairvoyant as she was, felt keenly for the bereaved, and was anxious to administer consolation to her grief, if she could do so without endangering her husband's safety, which she would not have done to save forty other lives.

He had instructed her by all means to retain the girl, and if she could meet any of the family in the way of her profession to without them with the idea that she was gone out of the country, which, he argued, would take them out of it also; then they could more easily rob their valuables into money, when those who knew of their return were beyond inquisition's call. Ambush thought it right to help her husband thus far. Beside, she argued, the girl is not quite well, and they could cure her; she would have died but for me, and I have some claims upon the life I have saved. The young thing loves me tenderly, and no wonder for I hold the very strings of her heart in my hands.

What Ambush said was true; there was healing in the dark slope into which no other temperament but here could lull May, and the superstition like nude of her other powers was far from being an injury to her, nay, rather a healthful exercise of her mental powers, particularly as the dreamless sleep in a waking state by means before referred to.

The volcano of "pale Hecate," her Vulpine instincts sharpened by contact with so many, stood face to face with the artificially trained woman of fashion, a being of hot-house growth seeking for vital knowledge at a fetichist fount.

In anticipation of her coming, St. Jude had laid an artful plan to delude her senses and baffle her reason. She lighted the carefully prepared pastiles in the antique brazier, and condensed her incantations; the delicious perfume arose in gracefully curling columns from the smoking censer and pervaded the apartment. The woman kept her glittering eye fixed on the noxious eyes of the seeker, till the exact moment when expectation was merging into the frenzy of uncontrollable desire to know more.

A folding door which was made to counterfeit precisely the wall of the room slid noiselessly away, and through a veil, as in a mirror with mist upon its surface, the mother beheld her child! She sat in a white-covered bower, with ripe clusters of foreign fruits hanging in luscious negligence from every vine; the soft and genial atmosphere could be felt; the murmur of a hidden fountain and the tinkling of a guitar completed the illusion. One moment the mother gazed, but the spell of the enchantress who had conjured the scene could not control the gushing instincts of a mother's heart. "My child," she shrieked, throwing herself forward to clasp the welcome vision. There was a movement within the veil; the vision rose to her feet as if that voice had power to penetrate space, and had reached her ears in defiance of the obstacles huge and vast that separated. She trembligly threw up her arms as the mother tottered in half-frenzied excitement toward the spot. Then, as she touched the charmed "May" which hung like mist between them and seemed the only barrier, the scene closed, and a mirror fell shivered in pieces at her feet. With hysterical shrieks she besought Madam St. Jude to grant her another glimpse of her child, but the witch replied—"impossible"—to the mother's pleadings.

Mrs. Danton returned bewildered at what she had seen, and related her singular adventure to her husband; but Mr. Danton was yet a man of facts, and listened incredulously to his wife's account. It struck him suspiciously that the vision, if vision it were, should have brought emotion by that sudden bound, as Mrs. Danton described it. The more he thought of it, the more he was convinced that they were most abused by charlatanism, and who knew better the ins and outs of deceptions which might be practiced to bring about revelations than these?—though not in the line in question, it is true.

But his doubts grew stronger. He sent for the chief of police, and made a statement of the affair. The dogs of justice were on the scent, but the fox was too cunning for them: no vestige of Madam St. Jude remained. An old man who was deaf, and a cabin of which no one who was both deaf and blind, were the sole occupants of the house where the sorceress had lived for months. There was nothing to be said, nothing to be done, no discoveries to be made, nobody to criminate. The mysterious woman who called herself Madam St. Jude had been there; the credulous had listened to her words as to an oracle, and a lady was thrown into hysterics by a vision she had seen.

Nobody believed she had seen anything but a picture of her own imagination, and so the matter ended as far as the public were concerned.

It was fortunate for dame St. Jude that her own and My Danton's metamorphosis was so entire, otherwise she might have found herself in a questionable position.

Mrs. Danton could not be reconciled to the idea that what she had seen was but a hallucination of an overheated brain. The motherly instincts were strong for those ties. There was a tegument of conviction hanging about her heart that in, by, or through, that woman, the spirit-form of her daughter's disappearance would be cleared up.

Rumors reached them from time to time of Ethel's doings across the water, which were anything but cheering to the bereaved parents. His letters to them were, of course, as smooth as oil.

At length, in a spirit of sheer restlessness, the Danton family decided to go abroad. It might benefit the old man's health, and Ethel, she yearned to behold the blue skies of Italy with a vague hope that somewhere amid the vine-clad bowers she should find her lost one as that too real vision at the fortune teller's seemed to prognosticate.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

HOW TO TELL THEM.

One of our contemporaries says the lottery policy offices may always be known as follows:

"A bouncer you see a store window whitewashed, or a white curtain suspended on the inside, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is a policy office. Sometimes you see a dingy looking shop window, with a score of half-dollars and one or two gold coins displayed in the middle. Sometimes a transparent sign is a policy shop. If you stand in front of a cigar store a minute or so, and see a poor German, a negro whitewasher and a woman all come out, keep a second upon it that in a room behind the store they do a lively business in selling slips. Also many of the large-biz saloons they have a small private room fitted up for the sale of policies. The word *Exchange* written on the window, or on a swinging sign is a pretty good sign. The greater part of these offices are held by agents who get a commission of one-fifth of what they sell. They take their books to what they call a big backer, who keeps some up stairs apartments in the lower part of the city. These big backers, and there are several, retain seven-eighths of the gross receipts, pay all the "hits," as the prizes are called, and divide the rest of the agent's office. There are agents who sell one hundred dollars worth a day on an average, but clearing one hundred dollars daily, which is nothing compared with the enormous sales of the "backers." There is one of the latter in New-York who has one hundred agents in the city selling policies for him, whose receipts, calculating within bounds, must be fifteen hundred dollars weekly. He employs men to collect his books, one of whom has a fifty hundred dollar bond, and declares himself to be a "great sport."

REMEMBER THIS.—Some people never attempt to obtain a clear idea of the exact meaning of the words which they employ in writing and conversation. They utter them at random, and if they happen to convey the idea which they intended them to convey the result is to be attributed rather to chance than to their knowledge and discrimination. This finds is very common among those who are fond of using new words,—more common, indeed, among them than among the ignorant and uneducated. Those who are in the habit of selecting their words for use in conversation, generally are not worth listening to. The plainest and commonest words in the English language are the best for both conversation and writing. Remember this.

MAY.

The frosty old winter hath hurried away,
The hillocks of snow
Have melted melted beneath the warm breathing of May
And the sweet flowers blow.

ATMOSPHERIC NOURISHMENT FOR PLANTS.—If all the nourishment for plants came from the soil, the soil of newly cleared land would be no more fertile than old land; but drawing much of their nourishment from the atmosphere, and decomposition taking place on the soil, the plant not only returns all it gets from the soil, but also in fertilizing ammonia and carbon it receives from the atmosphere.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

[The following is the best historic account we have been able to find of the massacre of the French in Sicily, in the year 1283. This narrative of that terrible tragedy—one of those stern lessons which oppression has often compelled the people to read to tyranny—is taken from A History of the War of the Sicilian Vespers. By Michele Amari. Edited by the Earl of Ellesmere:]

"Half a mile from the southern wall of the city [Palermo] and the brink of the sea stood Oreto, stands a church dedicated to the Holy Ghost, exercising which the Latin Fathers had not failed to erect a hostel on the day on which the first stone of it was laid in the 12th century, the sun was darkened by an eclipse. On one side of it are the precipice and the river, on the other the plain extending to the city, which in the present day is in great part encumbered with walls and gardens; while a square enclosure of moderate size, shaded by trees, overgrown with vines, interspersed with tombs, and adorned with urns and other sepulchral monuments, surrounds the church. This is a public cemetery laid out towards the end of the eighteenth century, and fearfully filled in three weeks by the dire pestilence which devastated Sicily in 1837. On the Tuesday [after Easter, 31st of March, 1283,] at the hour of vespers, religion and custom crowded this then cheerful plain, excepted with the towers of cypress, with citizens wending their way towards the church. Divided into numerous groups, they walked, sat down, disported on the banks or danced upon the grass; and, whether it was a defect or a merit of the Sicilian character, three off for the moment the recollection of their subjection—when the followers of the Judiciary suddenly appeared amongst them, and every bosom thrilled with a shudder of disgust. The messengers came, with their usual insolent demeanor, to arrest, perhaps to insult, tranquility and the dignity of this purpose they mingled in the groups, joined in the dances, and familiarly accosted the women, pressing the hand of one, taking another by the ear, and libertine with others, addressing indecent words and gestures to those more distant, until some temporarily admonished them to desist. In God's name, without insulting the women, and others murmured angrily; but the bolder ones contented to their wives with the cry that the soldiers said to one another, 'These insolent patrons must be armed that they dare thus to outrage.' Excited to fury by this, the most offensive insults, insisting with great insolence on searching them for arms, and even here and there striking them with sticks and thongs. Every heart already throbbed fiercely on either side, when a young woman of singular beauty, and of modest and dignified deportment, appeared, with her husband and relations, leading her amongst the crowd, and Drouet, a Frenchman, impelled either by insolence or license, approached her as if to examine her for concealed weapons, seized her, and searched her bosom. She fell fainting into her husbands arms, who, in a voice almost choked with rage, exclaimed, 'Death, death to the French!' At the same moment a youth burst from the crowd which had gathered round them, sprang upon Drouet, and struck him a blow, and probably at the same moment paid the penalty of his rash act, having his name recorded, and the mystery closed, whether whether it were love for the injured woman, the impulse of an honest heart, or the unanimated flame of patriotism that prompted him thus to give the signal of deliverance. Never, for example in the most sanguinary records of argument or eloquence to rouse the people and the abject slaves awoke at length from their long bondage.

"Death, death to the French!' they cried, and the cry, say the historians of the time, resounded to the very extremities of the neighboring country, and found an answer in every heart. Above the corpse of Drouet were heaped enormous stones and every other sign of fury expanded itself, closed in, and swayed hither and thither, in wild confusion; the Sicilians, without weapons, stones and sticks, and the gymnastic frenzy upon their armed opponents; they sought for and hunted them down; fearful shrieks were uttered in the city and the prepared for festivity, and the overthrown tables were scattered in the fields. The people displayed their strength and conquered. Not a single soldier, belid, and great the slaughter of the Sicilians; but of the French there were two hundred—and two hundred fell.

"Breathless, covered with blood, brandishing their bloody weapons, and goaded on by the insult and its vengeance, the insurgents rushed towards the tranquil city. Death to the French! Death to the tyrants! Death to the tyrants! Death to the French!' echoed from mouth to mouth, every house was in a bustle, the tumult Roger Mastrangelo, a nobleman, was chosen or constituted himself their leader. The gates were closed, the sentinels placed on the troops, they scoured the streets, burst open doors, searched every nook, every hiding-place, and shouted 'Death to the French!' echoed them and slew them, while those too distant to strike added to their applause. * * * The slaughter continued with increased fiercely even the darkness of night failed to arrest it; and it was resumed on the morrow more furiously than ever; nor did it cease at length because the thirst for vengeance was slaked, but because victims were wanting to appease it. Two thousand French perished in this first outbreak. Even Christian burial was denied them, but pits were afterwards dug to receive their despised remains; and tradition still points out a column surmounted by an iron cross, raised by compassionate piety on one of those spots, probably long after the perpetration of the deed of vengeance. Tradition, moreover, relates that the sound of a word, like the Shibboleth of the Hebrews, was the cruel test by which the French were distinguished in the massacre, and t at, if there were found a suspicious or unknown person, he was compelled with a sword to his throat to pronounce the *ciciri*, [pronounced *cheechevee*, the French being unable to give the sound of ci as in such,] and the slightest foreign accent was the signal of of his death. * * * Even the altars afforded no protection; men and prayers were alike unheeded; neither old men, women, nor infants were spared; the ruthless avengers of the ruthless massacre of Agosta swore to root out the seed of the French oppressors throughout the whole of Sicily, and this vow they cruelly fulfilled."

FAREWELL.

FROM A FRIEND.

I loved thee once with heart as free
As ever fond affection knew;
Each joy, each care, but seem'd to twine
In closer bonds thy soul and mine.
But fortune's smile has found thee changed,
Thy friendship ceded by love entwined it!
'Tis done, the dream of years is o'er;
I mourn thee, but I love no more.

Seek not to meet me—'twere but vain
To give to such a fruitless pain;
The feeble smile the careless eye,
Would but the wounded heart belie.
Farewell! I do' sorrow thou hast fled,
Oh, from thy heart all hope conceal.
To light can now the past restore;
I mourn thee, but I love no more.

MEMENTO MORI.

A literary journal of Madrid publishes the following account of the ceremonial which took place in the time of Ferdinand VII.:

One afternoon, while various officers of one of the principal grades were loitering together at the gate of their barracks, waiting for the hour of service, a conversation fell upon the fidelity of wives, and naturally gave rise to a great deal of joking and merriment.

"Do not deceive yourselves, gentlemen," said a veteran sergeant, "in love as well as in war, do not confide in any woman; for my part, I would not dare to trust the virtue of the greatest saint that ever fasted."

"Well, I would," answered a young ensign, with a sneering air. "There is the world's wonder for whom I could answer!"

"Your lady-love, I assume," cried his comrades.

"No, my sister."

The jest was perfectly understood," replied a lieutenant, the particular friend of the last speaker, "but your sister is confessedly ugly."

The raillery provoked a challenge from the ensign to the lieutenant, and the affair of honor was fixed on reconciling them to each other. The seconds were named, and the hour of the next morning appointed for the duel to take place, behind the gate of Bilbao, then called Puzas. At the specified time the parties appeared upon the ground, and the seconds made another ineffectual attempt to make it up between the parties. "At what distance do you fight to the death?" they replied, to the representatives of their companions.

At this moment a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Shakspeare's apothecary, approached the seconds, and, in a lamentable voice, said—

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artizan with a large family, and if you would—"

"My good man, don't bother us now," cried one of the seconds; "don't you see they are going to spit each other? We are not in a charitable humour."

"He sat on Lear's throne," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick, and having heard that these gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins."

At these words the individuals about to commence the combat, and who had been all unconsciously, burst into a fit of laughter, and simultaneously threw down their swords, shook hands with each other. An hour afterwards they and their brother officers gave the most unequivocal proofs of wishing to be by partaking of a sumptuous breakfast at the Fonda de Perros; and the object of the affair was, that the young lieutenant fell in love with and married the young lady whose beauty he had disparaged, for in a more sensible manner than usual, he is now keenly, look of mind and person, than he had previously been aware of.

GALLANTRY.

A writer recently stated that, "we want more of the true French gallantry in society." Possibly we do—but we want other things more. Society is a pleasant institution, but home is a holy one; and that accomplished professor of the distinguishing feature in society, and whom our writer would have us imitate, have no such word as home in their vocabulary. It is to our mind, a word of nobility, perhaps more than any other thing, that we Americans owe our individual success. Home is at the foot most of us work for. What Mrs. Grundy says, troubles but few of us—such, for instance, as our gallantry-loving writer and the fashionists in his sympathies with him. Our thoughts center in our homes; and when at night we retire from laboring with brain or hand to that home for the few we love, the foot-prints of angels are all about its doors; virtue—truth —purity have kept it in our absence, and a quiet, holy rest of love awaits us after our toil. Ah! one real American home, one evening within the charmed circle of its untainted influence, is worth all the gallantry of all the cafes and courts in Christendom.

A QUESTION.—Has a woman a right to keep an omnibus filled with passengers, waiting, while she purchases a bottle of tea, a paper of salts, a package of coffee, an eight cornered bundle of soda-crackers which sticks most obstinately to the lining, and a promiscuous collection of tomatoes, oranges, lemons, and apples, flying around loose, from her pocket, for the purpose of getting at the six pennies which she has secured in the corner of her handkerchief, with tyings, compared to which the famous Gordian knots will be the lowest possible bitch?

A FOOTBALL GROCER is announcing a quantity of honey for sale advertised that, to prevent mistakes, he would state that, "Like the attributes of mercy, the honey is not strained."

OUR GUNNER'S SHOT.

AN INCIDENT OF OCEAN LIFE.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the bay of Tangier, a fortified town in the extreme northwest of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward, but at nig towards the close of the afternoon the sea arose died away, and one of those sultry, oven-like atmospheric breathings came from the great sun-burnt Sahara.

Half-an-hour before sundown the captain gave the order to the boatswain to call the hands for a swimming, and in less than five minutes the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the gangways, the ports, the rattlings, however, all but some of the more cautiousness took their leap from the arms of the lower yard.

One of the studding sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard-arm and the swinging boom, and into these parts of the swimmers made their way.

Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily, were two of the boys, Tim, Wallace and Fred. Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of one of the gunner, and in a laughing mood, they started on their first standing sail on a race.

There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips, as they put off, and they started through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though the lesson run in long veal heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic.

The vessel was moored, with a fore sweep from both cables and the buoy of the starboard anchor was far away on the starboard quarter, with the fore and fell with the long swells like a drunken man.

Towards the buoy the two lads made their way, Fred. Fairbanks taking the lead, but when they were within about twenty or thirty fathoms of the buoy, the latter was seen compelled to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his son with a vast deal of pride, and when he saw that he succeeded, he leaped upon the poop, and was on the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached his ears which made him start as if he had been struck by a cannon ball.

"A shark! a shark!" came from the captain of the forecastle, and at the same time the terrible words the men who were in the water leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Then, amid the confusion of three or four cables' length, a shark-wake was seen in the water, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the buoy.

For a moment the gunner stood like one bereft of his senses, but on the shout he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn, but his little fellows heard him not. Stoutly the two swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the fearful death-spirit that hovered so near them. Their merry laugh still rang out over the water, and at length they both touched the buoy together.

Oh, what drops of agony started from the brow of the old gunner. A boat had put off but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach them in season, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight, and then he knew that all hope would be gone. At that moment a cry arose from the vessel that went through every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had discovered the shark.

The cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, and the gunner thought he sprang to the quarter-deck. The guns were loaded to the muzzle with shot, and none knew their temper better than he. With a steady hand he took a glance by a sudden type, the old gunner seized a priming wire and pricked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns. Then he took from his pocket a percussion wafer, and set it in its place, and set back the hammer at the second lock. With a steady, quiet strength, the old man swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then sighted the ship lock, he stood back and watched for the next jowell that he would bring the shark to range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but yet a single moment would be his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed, and the men on board the old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the buoy, but the hurrying to the monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air was awoke by the roar of a heavy gun, and as the old man knew his shot was gone, he sank back on the combing of the hatch, and hid his face with his hands. He dared not see the result of his efforts, for if he had failed, he knew that the boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away there was a pause, then there arose from the sea the smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at first, a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men—that murmur grew louder and stronger and swelled up to a joyous, overjoyful shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and peered out upon the water, and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the monster with its belly up —a mangled mass.

The companions the boat reached the daring swimmers, and half dead with fright, they were hoisted on board. The old man stepped out, and his sons, and then overcome by the powerful excitement, he fainted upon the gun he escaped.

I have seen men in all the phases of excitement and surprise, but never have I seen three hundred human beings more overcome by thrilling emotions. But on that eventful moment, when they find knew the effect of our gunner's shot.

HOUSE-POWER.

A gentleman in Kirkaldy, Scotland, has trained a couple of mice, and invented machinery enabling them to spin cotton yarn. The work is so constructed that the common house mouse is enabled to treat twice and run from 100 to 125 threads per day. To complete this, the little performers have to run 10 1-3 miles. A half-pennyworth of oatmeal, at 3d. 6d. per pack, serves one of these treadwheel exploits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 116 threads per day. At this rate a mouse earns 3s. 6d. per annum. Take off 6d. for board, and in for machinery, there will arise 5s. clear for every mouse annually. The mouse enterprise was going to make an application for the lease of an old empty house, which would hold 10,000 mouse-mills, sufficient room being left for keepers and mouse hundreds of spectators.

COME TO THE WINDOW.

BY QUALLON.

Come to the window to-night,
It cannot be dawn's ash;
You needn't fear to tread light,
My mother will not be in!
'Tis time for you at eight,
Be sure you come to the time;
Don't be a minute too late,
For love delay'd is a crime!

The gain will ope to your touch,
But close it gently and still;
For fears in love are not much,
If conscience bows to the will!
Don't be afraid if it's dark,
My sister no tales will tell;
I'm sure she dog will not bark,
For he knows your step so well!

I'll show the way you must take,
If you don't want to be seen;
Then an excuse I can make
If the servant says you've been!
Last night I was pain with fear,
I heard you run down the lane;
Mother and some one was near!
I said 'it must be she not I!'

But girls have ever been made
With fears since courtship began;
For if their schemes are well laid,
They're always broken by man!
Don't come at the time I've said!
Walk boldly up to the door;
Maidens for kindness are fain'd,
And so I'll try you once more!

MY MARRIAGE.

BY LOUIS N. SOMMOR.

"It is useless, quite useless, to talk further upon the subject," I exclaimed, breaking in abruptly upon my father's remarks.

"But hear me——"

I can imagine all you would advance, and once for all, I cannot accede to your wishes."

"And why? You have now arrived at a point when it is incumbent upon you to assume a fixed position in life. You have a good education, have travelled extensively, are nearly twenty-five, have fine prospects for the future, and it is now your duty—your duty, sir—to marry."

"All this may be very true, but——"

"*But!*" echoed my father, in something of a passion; "never let me hear that word again. I am getting old, and cannot much longer prosecute my extensive business; and the firm of 'Tibbets & Co.' must not cease to exist. For upwards of thirty years it has been considered as one of the most secure and valuable houses in the city. And the name must not—it *shall* not be stricken out of existence in that connection, sir," and the old gentleman brought his cane down upon the floor with such force that the poker fell from its support.

"Really," I observed, in a pacifying tone, "I have no desire that such should be the case, yet——"

"Yet you refuse to be guided by me in this affair. I have reared you in the hope that you would, so soon as you arrived at mature age, become a partner; and finally, when I am gone, become my successor, the head of the house of 'Tibbets & Co.'"

"But hear me," I exclaimed, becoming alarmed at his vehemency; "I have no wish to thwart your cherished scheme, and am willing—I am as desirous as yourself that our house should retain its identity."

"Then are you so obstinate in objecting to my proposal?"

"I object only to the first point—that which touches upon marriage."

"And why object to marriage? A man never can take a firm stand in society while he remains single. A man," continued the old gentleman, growing more and more emphatic in his speech, "is not a man until he is married!"

"Neither did I object to marriage in the abstract," I replied. "I only demur at the manner of obtaining a wife which you propose."

"No reasonable man would do that. The young lady to whom I refer is young, beautiful and accomplished—in short, she possesses the prerequisite of a wife for me as you would in any little matter of business. To this I object—I now object—I ever shall object!"

"And solely for the reason that I have selected a lady for you, you refuse to wed her. A pretty reason, truly, and a high compliment I place upon my judgment."

My father was becoming excited. So was I.

"Your judgment may be excellent—nay, more, it is," I responded; "but in an affair of the heart, on me but the person directly interested should be the judge."

"And am I not directly interested in your welfare?"

"Ay; but not to that extent which will warrant you in directing whom I shall marry."

"But I repeat that she whom I have mentioned is in every way worthy to become your wife."

"Nevertheless, it does not follow that a similarity of disposition exists between us; that our spirits are analogous; that a congeniality of mind and soul——"

"Nonsense!" broke in my father.

"No! there must be a pure love existing between me and the one I wed. Without this, marriage would be a profanity—a crime."

"But all this will follow."

"That is by no means certain. Recollect, I have never seen this paragon of excellence with whom you wish me to connect my fortune; I do not know her position in society; I do not even know her name; in fact, I know nothing about her."

"You shall see her this day."

"I have no desire to."

"You must. And when once you behold her you will love her—you cannot help it."

"Let no such hope elate you," I said firmly; "I cannot marry her. In all else I am willing to be advised and guided in settling around what he termed my obstinacy; and his temper once awakened was like a tornado. Aware of this, yet firmly resolved not to be coerced in the matter, I remained silent, my arm resting upon the center table, my eyes fixed steadily upon a figure in the carpet, and, withal, an expression of stern determination stamped upon my countenance. I inherited much of my father's firmness and unyielding spirit, and a knowledge of this provoked him excessively.

"Hear me," he exclaimed, pausing suddenly in his wild and hasty walk. "It is useless for any reflection that I have broached this subject to you; it is no idle one. The young lady whom I intend for your wife is the daughter of an old and valued friend. In youth we were as brothers. We married, and each blessed with an offspring—he with a daughter and I with a son. We made a compact that should we at proper ages the two should be united. Soon after, quite unexpectedly, business required the absence of my friend in a southern city. He departed, and he turned only to remove his family. Since that time we seldom met. A few years since he died, and his wife more recently. The daughter, a few months since, arrived in this city, where she is residing with the family of a friend. She it is whom I refer to in connection with your marriage. My word, sir, I consider so pledged, and I desire you to see that it be not broken."

"Was it not a very rash promise to make?" I ventured to inquire.

"And why rash?"

"Why, how could you foresee the thousand-and-one obstacles which might intervene to prevent such a consummation?"

"Nevertheless the promise has been made; and there really is no obstacle to prevent its fulfillment."

"You mistake."

"I know of none."

"There are those I have stated."

"They are mere fancies. They have no foundation in fact."

"To me they are insurmountable."

"Yet, sir, they must be surmounted."

"They cannot be."

"I have stated my word; it cannot now be recalled. Would you have it forfeited?"

"But what if mine, also, be pledged. Would you, in that case, have me dishonored?"

"Yours, impossible! How can your word be pledged—in what manner? I am aware of no——"

"Supposing, for instance," I replied, looking directly into his eyes, "that I had a promise to marry another?"

My father was startled. I may say he was stunned. He stood for several moments looking vacantly into my face, and then he quietly seated himself before me, and took another and longer examination of his features. It was apparent that such an idea had never entered his thoughts. After a while he said:

"You don't really mean to say that you have committed yourself in that manner?"

"I merely supposed the case," I answered, with a dry chuckle of fear.

"But it is not a supposable case," he exclaimed, becoming his natural self in his surprise and at the same time; "it's not a supposable case—you have no right to suppose such a——"

"And why not? It would be nothing out of the ordinary course of nature that I should form an attachment for a young lady, if she be beautiful and good."

"Is this really the case?"

His eyes were bent sternly upon me as he spoke.

"And if it is——"

"*If it be!*—sir, you have no right to form such an attachment without my consent."

"How much less, then, have you the right to make an agreement which is to cause me a life's misery for good or evil, without consulting me."

"The case is different, sir, widely different."

"I cannot perceive the difference."

"I can; you are or will be, as it were, my representative; you will assume my position when I am dead; to you the honor of my name and house will be entrusted, and it is but right that I look to the importance to me that she who is to become your wife be of children a wife worthy of the position she proposes to occupy in forming such a connection."

"Very true; but your confidence in my judgment must be extremely limited to suppose that I would form a matrimonial alliance for myself."

He saw the truth and force of my argument; but he would not own them. He was, I saw, resolutely bent on a union between me and the daughter of his friend

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

BY S. GRANT.

The spirit o' Beauty passeth 'way,
To return again, oh! never;
But Music's holy spirit ray
Lingereth around us ever.

We hear it in the tempest's roar,
And the wind's wildest commotion;
It stageth in the forest hoar,
Soundeth in the depths of ocean.

It murmurs in the rippling stream,
With a pure and gentle laughter;
It dances in the morning's beam,—
Fills the soul, once heard, o'er after.

It dwells upon the sea, the shore,
And the forest-waving mountains;
It roams the sea forevermore,—
Bubbles in the chrystal fountains.

The spirit o' Beauty passeth 'way,
And returns to us, oh! never;
But Music's holy spirit ray,
Fills and thrills our souls forever.

TROY, April, 1860.

PLEASING EVERYBODY.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Peter Lyford was forty years old, and though a man of good mind and much intelligence, yet he had some things to learn; age—and some simple life-lessons, too. He was a good-hearted man, fat and fair, and almost always happy. In fact Peter made it an object of his life to make all the happiness he could, though it must be confessed he sometimes failed in accomplishing his purpose. He would as soon thought of cutting his hand off as of doing anything which he knew would make unhappiness for anybody. The appearance of his smiling face at an evening party was always the sure precursor of fun and merriment; and where he was scandal made but little headway. He had as few enemies as any man living, but this was not the result of his never annoying any one, because he did that often, but then he had a peculiar faculty of winning the injured ones directly back to love and good-will. Did he offend a man, or woman, child, by accident or as soon as he discovered the fact—he was sure to post off and make it up.

We said Peter had a failing. It was simply his strong desire to please everybody. In the words of St. Paul, he could be "all things to all men." He never disputed anybody, never, save in matters where mere information was wanted, or an unintentional mistake had been made which he could correct. Talk to him on politics, and tell him that the safety of the country depended upon strengthening all male infants born of alien parents, and he would agree with you. Grow warm on the subject, and swear that all aliens under one-and-twenty ought to be hung, or in some other way eternally disposed of, and he would swear positively to the same thing. Half an hour afterwards he might meet Snooks. Snooks says that America is the home for the oppressed of all nations, and that we should open our arms to receive them; and Peter would join him heart and soul. In fact, he could be more zealous now, for this idea had the mention of his sympathy. Snooks says government ought to educate the children of aliens. "Aye," cries Peter, "and give us all farms, too."

And so it was on all matters. Peter never disputed a man's veracity, nor could he question the correctness of his opinions. Consequently he had to listen to a great many Bunkum speeches, for long-winded politicians knew they would find in him an appreciating listener. So, too, fond mothers loved to talk fond chilren about their children; husbands about their wives; and sporting friends, about their horses. There were at least forty men in the city to whom Peter had sworn most devoutly that the horse which each one owned would pass anything on the road.

But Peter often found himself in trouble on account of this pleasing propensity, and more than once had he made up his mind that never again would he give the weight of his opinion to anything which did not receive the sanction of his judgment.

One day Peter was walked upon by a sporting gentleman, and asked to go and look at some horses he had in a stable not far distant. Now Peter was in reality a good judge of horse flesh, and his friends knew it. On the present occasion the sporting friend, whose name was Porlitt, asked Peter to step in and have some oysters. Peter never refused such a request, so he went. Porlitt paid for the oysters, and also for a bottle of champagne; and after this they adjourned to the stable, where Porlitt had some fast steppers. One after another they were led out, and Peter looked them over.

"Aren't them a beauty?" cried the owner, giving the halter a twitch.

"Beautiful!" responded Peter.

Peter felt good from the effects of the champagne, and he would not have hurt Porlitt's feelings for the world.

By and by a young man named Williams entered the stable. He was just engaging in the express business, and wished to buy a horse. He was a particular friend of Peter's, his father having once been Peter's best friend in an hour of need. So Peter Lyford now felt sworn by the same affection for the youth that he would have felt for a child of his own blood.

Young Williams had come to purchase a horse of Porlitt. The jockey led one out—a stout looking, fat, glossy gelding, of a dark bay color.

"There!" uttered Porlitt, "there's a horse for ye. Look at that movement!—just see them legs!—What cords!"

"How much is he worth?" the youth asked, eagerly.

"Well—he's worth more'n I shall ask ye for him. He's worth two hundred an' a half if he's worth a penny. But I know how you're situated, and I would be hard on ye. You may have him for just one hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"A'n't that high?" asked Williams.

"Peter," uttered the jockey, turning to our hero, "a'n't he a noble beast?"

"He is—I reckon," responded Peter.

"And such limbs—such motions! Shouldn't you say that a hundred and seventy-five was dog cheap?"

Now Peter could see at a glance that the animal was not sound. He knew by the muscular unevenness of the flanks that there was trouble somewhere, though he had not examined the horse enough to know how much he was injured. And he furthermore knew that the beast could not be sold for any such price if he had been perfectly sound. But how could he injure the animal? The property belonged to the friend who had just been treating him to oysters and champagne! He could not do it—though he did hope the sailout might prove to be better than he feared.

"A'n't that dog cheap, Peter?"

"I should say it was," responded the accommodating man. "I should say so—most decidedly."

At that moment another man came in who had been searching for Peter on business, and our hero went away with him, leaving Williams and Porlitt to settle the business alone.

A week after this young Williams came to Peter with news in his eye.

"Uncle Peter," he uttered, in a choking tone, "how could you lead me into buying that horse of Porlitt?"

"Why—what d'ye mean? What is it?" returned Peter, somewhat startled.

"Why, you remember when he got hay here we were looking at in. Porlitt's stable. You said he was well worth a hundred and seventy-five; I knew you were a good judge, and I supposed I could depend upon what you said; and under that supposition I paid him his price."

"Well—and is the horse very lame?"

"Very bad! Why—he's disabled—he's got the spring-halt, and the heaves! He isn't worth ten dollars. Oh! it comes hard on me. It was nearly all I had. I had to go a-begging at me. He says he didn't warrant the horse."

"Bless me, John—I'm sorry. But you see I couldn't very well go to running down a friend's horse."

"I would not have asked you to do so, Uncle Peter. Had you merely said that you knew nothing about the animal, and could not say you did not wish to express an opinion, I should not have bought him. I supposed you knew, and if the horse was as you said, then I had no fears of buying."

"By the powers, I wish Porlitt had been to the dickens before he'd asked me anything about his cursed old horse!" exclaimed Peter, earnestly. In fact, he felt bad. He loved John Williams, and to think that he should be the cause of taking that money away from him. He pondered over the subject awhile, and then he said—

"Look yo, John—I'll see Porlitt, and then I'll write you a letter. I'll fix it up somehow."

So the youth went away somewhat hopeful.

"Now by the great jumping Moses!" uttered Peter to himself, after Williams had gone, "I'll never again say a thing that I don't know to be true. I won't, so help me Jerusalem!"

Immediately after this Peter went out and bought a noble horse, for which he paid two hundred dollars, and then he wrote a letter to Williams informing him that the horse was his, and bidding him sell the other animal for what he could get; and then he sent the horse and letter by one of his own servants.

Peter went nearly two weeks after this without once admitting to himself that he wished he knew to be false. But the habit had become too firmly rooted to be thus easily broken off, so we shall see.

Charles Sampson and his wife sat in their nicely furnished sitting-room occupied in the earnest conversation. Charles was a young merchant, having just entered into business for himself. He was only thirty years of age, but he had managed by economy and prudence to save up some six thousand dollars, and this, added to a like sum which his wife had given him, enabled him to enter business with very fair prospects. His wife was a mild, hazel-eyed woman, gentle and loving; who thought her husband and her children and her home the trinity of her life, against which all the rest of the world was as nothing. She knew that her husband loved her dearly, and this made her very happy.

"Well, Mary," the young merchant said, in continuation of a conversation which had been going on for over an hour, "I shall look into this matter, and if I find that Bicknell is on good footing I shall go in with him. Uncle Peter knows him. I will ask him."

"I would do as I thought best, Charles," the wife returned. "I suppose there would be many advantages in having a partner."

"Yes—a great many," added the husband. "Two can do better than one. Of course I cannot find a hired assistant who will take so much interest in the concern as a partner would. And then Bicknell has a good run of custom, and come to put our money and credit together, and we can do well."

"But you will see Uncle Peter?"

"Of course I shall."

This "Uncle Peter" was none other than Peter Lyford—our accommodating Peter. Mary Sampson was his own niece—he only child of his only sister, and he loved her as he loved his own soul,—and he loved her husband too. Peter spent much of his time with the young people, and he learned the little ones to call him Grandpapa.

On the following day Charles went to Emery Bicknell's store, and he had the good fortune to find Uncle Peter there. Mr. Bicknell was a good looking man, about forty years of age, and had been engaged in the mercantile business over fifteen years. He was a well-meaning man, and if he ever deceived, it was not with the intent of wronging any one.

Charles greeted his uncle very warmly, and then turned to Bicknell. A short time was spent in friendly chat, and then the older merchant opened something of more importance. He knew by the young man's looks that he was anxious.

"Uncle Peter," said Bicknell, (every body called him "uncle" when they wanted an opinion from him,) "do you believe there is in the city a man doing better, on the same capital than I am?"

"No, sir—I don't think there is," responded Peter, earnestly, for he dreamed not that any influence was to be made of his opinion.

"Ah," resumed Bicknell rubbing his hands, "I have done a good business; and let me tell you, Uncle Peter, there aren't a man in the city that understands all the parts of business better than I do. Do you think there is?"

"No—I do not," was Peter's reply. "You are a shrewd fellow, Bicknell. Egad, I wish I had your knowledge of business."

"And my credit, too ;" continued the merchant. "Where is there paper that you would sooner take than mine?"

"Nowhere," uttered Peter, enthusiastically. He never did things by halves. He supposed he would please his friend to flatter him, and he knew just how to do it. "Why," he added, "I would just as lief have your paper as to have the gold itself—rather; for gold is too heavy to lug, and the paper of Emery Bicknell is just as good as the bank wherever he is known."

"I knew you would say so," said Bicknell, much pleased.

But how could I help saying so," cried Peter, delighted to find how happy he was making his friend. "Didn't I know it? And if I knew it why shouldn't I say so? I say—give me Em. Bicknell for all of your heavy men?"

As Peter thus spoke he gave Bicknell a familiar slap upon the shoulder; and then pulled out his snuff-box before that he ought to have been at the bank half an hour before to attend a meeting of the directors. So Uncle Peter went off, and the young merchant and the middle-aged merchant were left alone together.

Uncle Peter attended the directors' meeting, and was appointed by his associates to go to Washington on business connected with the bank. He started off that very evening, and was to be gone two weeks.

In the meantime Charles Sampson told his wife what he had heard Uncle Peter say, and he finally concluded to go into business with Mr. Bicknell. He was to be the merchant and made known his determination, and articles of agreement between them were drawn up at Bicknell's store, and put into legal shape, and was thus enabled to place nearly thirteen thousand dollars in the new business; and he went into it with zest. The new firm of BICKNELL & SAMPSON—advertised extensively, and while the former did the business out of doors the latter kept everything straight in the store.

Matters moved on very prettily for two weeks, and then there came a—But we'll tell about it.

One afternoon—it was Saturday—Bicknell came into the store, and he looked pale and haggard. Charles asked him what was the matter, but he received no direct answer. Shortly afterwards two men called whom the young man instantly recognized as officers.

"Mr. Bicknell," said Charles, trembling with apprehension, "what is it? Let me know at once, sir. I have heard some dark hints thrown out lately, but I have taken no notice of them. But now I wish to know all."

Bicknell motioned for the officers to remain quiet, and then addressing his late associate and partner into their private counting room.

"Mr. Sampson," spoke Bicknell, in a low, tremulous tone, "you will find that matters are done wrong, but I meant none. As true as God lives I meant to do no wrong. But we are ruined."

"Ruined!" gasped Charles, letting his hands drop powerless by his side.

"Yes—ruined!" Bicknell repeated. "A year ago I went in with some others to a heavy speculation. It failed, and left us in debt over seventy thousand dollars, for which we were holden individually. The matter has hung along, and I have hoped it could be settled,—aye, I have believed it. I supposed my associates in the business were good for most of it, and that the property still left might be made to cover the rest. But these men have failed, and now it comes down on me."

"But they can only touch your half," said Charles, eagerly. "I am not holden—they cannot touch my property."

"Yes, they can," said Bicknell, trembling from head to foot. "I have done—done—Oh! I did not mean to wrong you. As true as God lives I firmly believed that the paper would be taken care of legitimately !"

"But what have you done?"

"I have given our company paper to take up forty-eight thousand dollars worth of the old paper!—Stop!—Don't speak y.t. When I did it I hoped that the others would help me take care of them. The old notes fell due, and we asked for time. I was told that if I could give our company notes we might have the time; but if I did not they would come down on me. I gave the notes, and when I did so my associates promised to help pay them. Now those men have sold out and gone, and—and—the notes must be met !"

"And my name is on paper to the amount of forty-eight thousand dollars!" whispered Charles.

"Yes—with mine."

"But on what time were the notes given?"

"On demand."

"Mr. Bicknell," said the young man, "I am not fit to talk now, I must think of this. You can judge, however, what my feelings must be. Your own conscience will tell you whether you have treated me fairly, or even honestly."

"But——"

"Never mind now, sir. Let the officers come in. I understand it all."

That night Charles Sampson went home a ruined man so far as business was concerned. He could conceal nothing from his wife, for his face revealed the fact, and he quickly related the particulars. She gazed a few moments into his face, and then sinking upon his bosom she burst into tears.

"Oh, Mary, do not let it affect you so. If you can bear up, the burden will be light for me."

"Light for you, Charles!" she uttered gasping up through her tears, and even forcing a smile to her face. "Oh, what can I feel for myself! If you can bear up, then my sun shall shine on as brightly as ever. Oh, I will work for you—side with you, anywhere—so long as you will let me."

"But, Mary, your money is all gone."

"My money? O, you wrong me now. I had none that was not all yours. I can only wish that it had all been mine, and then you would have lost so much. But——"

Mary stopped, for at that moment some one entered the hall; and ere long Uncle Peter Lyford made his appearance.

"What?" he uttered, gazing upon the weeping couple, for Mary's noble devotion had set the tears running down the husband's cheeks. "What is all this? Bless me, Molly, my dear, what have you been doing? Been ill?"

"Sit down—sit down, Uncle Peter, and I'll tell you all about it," returned Charles, brushing away his black countenance.

And thereupon they sat down, and Charles told to his wife's uncle the whole story. Peter heard it through, and then he said—

"Bless my soul, Charley, you should have come to me," he said, earnestly. "I could have put you all about Bicknell's transactions. I knew a month ago that that company speculation scrape would swamp him."

"What?" exclaimed Charles in astonishment, "you knew of it?"

"To be sure I did. I wish you had come to me before you went into this business."

"But," continued Charles, still in astonishment, "what can you be thinking of? Mary and I talked the matter all over beforehand, and we arranged that you should be consulted, and you gave your advice followed. I went out in the morning to carry out our plan. I went first to Bicknell's store, and there, you remember, I found you. And you must certainly remember the conversation that followed. I was anxious for your opinion, and I supposed I got it then. I heard you say at that time that you considered Bicknell one of the best business men in the city; that his credit was of the best, and that their paper was as good as gold; his and yours;—and as you were one of the principal officers of one of our heaviest banks I supposed it must be."

"And on the strength of this you entered into this partnership?" uttered Peter, turning pale as death.

"Certainly, I did. I should have seen you again, but you were off for Washington; and as Bicknell was anxious I went in with him. Had I not heard you say what you did matters would have tempted me to the step until your return."

Peter Lyford started to his feet, and walked with long strides up and down the room. At length he stopped and sat down again.

"Charley," he said, slowly and solemnly, "I was a fool! I didn't mean that what I said was having any other influence than merely to please Bicknell. And yet I had been fool enough before. But, by the Eternal, my mind is made up now. Never again, under any circumstances, will I try to please any living being at the expense of Truth and my own judgment. I went, by the heavens above me, I went! And now run easy. You two are the only heirs I've got. Of course my prosperity is yours when I am done with it; and now I'll have a clear conscience, for I've made for myself a new and happier life."

Of course Uncle Peter got the kite—and of course he flew it. And the evening which resettled down so darkly and gloomily over the young merchant's fortunes opened into a season of real blessedness.

During the next week Uncle Peter got Charles Sampson entirely clear of the business troubles by simply leaving all the property he owned in the firm of Bicknell & Sampson to the older partner's creditors. Then he established a noble store; gave Charles thirty thousand dollars, and lent the influence of his own business knowledge to help his nephew on.

And so the cloud passed away, and the sun came out and shone more brightly than ever before. As Uncle Peter's fair weather grew more gay, and his step more faltering, he went to live with his nephew and niece. And while the latter prospered as only the truly good and honest can prosper, the old man never forgot the pledge he had made touching his own life. Never again did he try to please at the expense of his own truth; and what he lost of mere flattery was more than made up by the respect which came alone be awarded to the honest, truth-loving friend who fears not to deal justly with all.

EPOCHS OF LIFE.

The natural epochs of human life are six, viz., the period of infancy, childhood, boyhood or girlhood, adolescence, manhood or womanhood, and old age. The space of time embraced in the first four of these periods is fixed. The period of infancy, commencing at birth, extends to the end of the second year, the point of time at which the first dentition is completed: the period of childhood, commencing at the close of the second year, extends to the termination of the seventh or eighth year, the point of time at which the second dentition is completed: the period of boyhood or girlhood extends to the commencement of the age of puberty; that is, in general, in this country, in the female from the twelfth to the fourteenth year, and for the male, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth year: the period of adolescence extends to the twentieth year of the female, and the twenty-fourth of the male: the period of womanhood extends from the twentieth, and manhood from the twenty-fourth year to an age neither determined nor determinable with any degree of exactness; because the point of time at which mature age ends and old age differs in every individual. It differs according to primitive constitution, to the management of the individual, to healthy or unhealthy modes of regimen, exercise, occupation physical and mental, and the several other circumstances included in the general term general laws of life. The period extending from the age of thirty or forty to that extending to old age is the most variable period in the term of human existence; the only period not fixed by limits which are beyond the power of man materially to extend or abridge.

ADDISON ON ANONYMOUS WRITERS.

"There is no species of cowardice so contemptible as that of publishing a man's name to a work which he is ashamed to own."

There is nothing so scandalous to a government, and detestable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but at the same time there is nothing so difficult to tame as a satirical author. An angry writer who cannot appear in print, naturally vents his spleen in libels and lampoons. A gay old woman, says the fable, seeing all her wrinkles reproduced in a large looking-glass, threw it upon the ground in a passion, and broke it into a thousand pieces; but as she was afterwards surveying the fragments with a spiteful kind of pleasure, she could not forbear uttering herself to the following soliloquy. "What have I got by this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multiplied my deformity, and see a hundred ugly faces, where before I saw but one."

If a man writes a good piece, every person that writes a book, or a paper, to swear himself the author of it, and enter down in a public register the name and place of his abode.

This indeed would have effectually suppressed all printed scandal, which generally appears under borrowed names, or none at all. But it is to be feared that such an expedient would be of no service to honest modest authors. It would operate promiscuously, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention some of the most celebrated works of piety, which have proceeded from anonymous authors, who have made it their study to conceal by as great a charity in secret; there are few works of any kind which come out at first with the author's name. The writer generally makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them; and, I believe, very few, who are capable of writing, would act pen to paper, if they knew beforehand that they must not publish their productions but on such conditions.

A FORMER LOVER'S MINIATURE.

FOUNTSTOCK BUSHES, NEW YORK.

MR. LEDGER:—Quarrels are often made by keeping a miniature of a former lover. We have been married but a few months, and ought not to have any serious misunderstanding; but such attempts to keep me with this ring seem so ridiculous that I am disinclined to submit to them. Is there any harm in my keeping Harry Bunker's? or ought I sacrifice my object to seek a thing?

MARY.

It has been divinely remarked that, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." If Mary's spirit is true and loyal to her husband, and not only just and faithful to him, but to all former lovers, her former lover, also, the miniature is of little consequence. In other words, if Mary cares nothing about her former lover, and does not wish to keep his picture, there is no harm in keeping it; but if she does, she seeks feelings towards him as her monitor, subtile with her present state, and for that reason she wishes to keep his portrait. It is of course highly improper for her to retain it. Exquisite delicacy is the rarest and purest perfume of old lover's should be returned.

EFFECT OF WET ON DEEP TILLAGE.

The wet season is a blessing to the deep cultivator. The more moist the summer heat, ammonia, carbonic acid and other organic elements are kept in the soil as it descends. As each drop filters through it is retained by moisture, or by air—both essential to vegetation, and to dissolve, act on or combine with the inorganic elements of the soil. As the water sinks off, air is sure to follow, and this is the proper mode of its circulation. Such is also physically at a higher temperature than the undrained land, and its warmth of the under soil is therefore relatively increased. The trenched and porous soil holds water like a sponge, notwithstanding the drainage. It retains or can command